

Sports Illustrated



OCTOBER 11, 1975

ONE DOLLAR

AN EXPLOSIVE PLAYOFF

Cincy Slugger
George Foster

**For 1977
some car makers
will offer you only
shorter, narrower, lighter
full-size cars.**

Ford has a better idea...

Ford offers you a choice: Ford LTD. The full-size car that k

This year some car makers are making their full-size cars smaller. But Ford is taking a different approach. Ford feels people who want the traditional full-size car they're used to should have that choice. So Ford hasn't reduced the 1977 Ford LTD by a single inch!

You'll find Ford LTD now has about the same size wheelbase as the down-sized Cadillac. And a longer wheelbase than cars like the Olds 98 and Buick Electra.

And Ford LTD has a longer wheelbase than the new Chevrolets (both Caprice and Impala) which have come down to the same wheelbase as the mid-size Chevrolet.

Ride, room and trunkspace—unchanged

Ford LTD has retained its traditional smooth, quiet ride for 1977. Interior spaciousness, deep-well

trunk, long wheelbase and 3½-ton rated towing capacity (with optional heavy duty trailer towing package) are all unchanged.

Will "down-sized" cars have "down-sized" prices?

As this magazine goes to press, final 1977 prices are not available. But the minute they are, compare LTD's value to its major "down-sized" competitor. Compare LTD's longer

wheelbase, greater hip and shoulder room, roomier trunk and more road-hugging weight.

Importance of a test drive in 1977

If the full-size car you usually bought is now shorter, narrower and lighter, a Ford LTD comparison test drive gives you something to measure against. You may find what you really want is the quiet ride and



Ford LTD Country Squire, the full-size wagon (this Sept. 13 issue)

Exquisite Ford LTD Limousine sedan

And the new trimmer, sportier

If you prefer a 6-passenger car that's trimmer in size and price than LTD., Ford gives you that choice, too. Ford introduces a sporty new line of cars for 1977—2-doors, 4-doors, station wagons—called LTD II.

A new idea that's a better idea

Ford's new quiet-riding LTD II combines the quality and comfort LTD is known for... with a unique sporty spirit all its own. The result is a new car that's trimmer in size and price than LTD... more sporty... but with LTD's traditional high level of workmanship.

With a name like LTD II, you know the ride is quiet.

The LTD II is built with the same kind of suspension system as Ford's most expensive car... for a ride that's quiet and solid. LTD II is a truly comfortable car.

The stylish LTD II interior and tasteful appointments retain the



LTD II Squire... trimmer wagon... all 1977 models 1977

Sporty new LTD II 2-door 2-door

luxury and comfort you'd expect from LTD.

A new kind of value

Ford will price LTD II to strongly challenge all competitors. So as soon as 1977 prices are announced, compare LTD II value not only with other mid-size cars, but even with GM's cut-down "full-size" cars!

And you should know that all LTD II and Ford LTD prices include V-8, automatic transmission, power steering, power front disc brakes, steel-belted radial tires, DuraSpark

ignition (for more spark plug voltage and lower scheduled maintenance costs)... and much more.

And all LTD II and Ford LTD wagons are built with Ford's proven 3-Way Magic Doorgate that opens like a tailgate and like a door, with the window up or down.

Shop where you get a choice

Full size or trim size? Some car makers won't give you this choice of car sizes in 1977. But Ford will: full-size Ford LTD or trim-size LTD II.

kept its size.

roomy comfort of Ford's full-size 6-passenger car: the 1977 Ford LTD.

SIZE COMPARISONS

Cars with full-size wheelbase

4 DOOR MODELS	1977	1976
Ford LTD	121.0"	121.0"
Cadillac de Ville	121.5"	130.0"

Cars with mid-size wheelbase

4 DOOR MODELS	1977	1976
Ford LTD II	118.0"	---
Caprice	116.0"	121.5"
Impala	116.0"	121.5"
Chevelle	116.0"	116.0"



Ford LTD II, spacious option



Ford LTD. The full-size car that kept its size.

LTD II.

The trimmer, sportier LTD II at a trimmer price.



Stylish LTD II interior retains LTD comfort, luxury

So this year, before you decide on the car size that's best for you and your family, take a comparison test drive. And compare prices at a dealer who offers you a choice: your local Ford Dealer.

Top right: Ford LTD London 4 door

Bottom right: LTD II Brougham 4 door



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At 35 degrees below zero, it will continue to flow and help you start easier.

And Mobil 1 doesn't thin out in a running engine the way ordinary oils do, even in the scorching heat of summer.

Finally, the oil that saves you gas also saves you oil. In both city and highway fleet tests, Mobil 1 cut oil consumption up to 25%.

You can't buy a better motor oil than this one.

Mobil 1 The oil that saves you gas.

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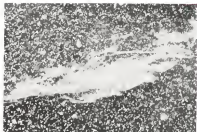
Robert W. Munnick

BOBBY ORR AND THE HOCKEY SEASON intrude on the Cincinnati-Philadelphia and Kansas City-New York baseball playoffs as well as the college and pro football schedules. Peter Genomson trails Orr as the former Boston star begins a new career as a \$600,000-a-year defenseman for the Chicago Black Hawks, while the preview package describes hockey's foreign invasion—particularly by Swedes such as Toronto's Borge Salming and Winnipeg's Anders Hedberg—and offers scathing analyses of the 30 major league teams.

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fly, supernovae
explode, galaxies are
born and die ...

... and this is a tiny
speck of it, the
planet we call earth
... a strange,
wonderful and
improbable world ...

... so cold in spots
the temperature
plunges to -145° and
the ice sheet is 3,000
feet thick ... so warm
in others the
temperature has
reached 136°
in the shade ...

... and where nature
decided that despite
the cold despite the
heat, despite everything,
life was going to
win out in a million
ways ... life that probably
originated here
in the sea ...

... where it flourishes
today even at depths
of six miles ...

... life that moved
onto the land ...

and always changing, experimenting, reaching...



... and took wing ...

... all depending on
(and making possible)
a variety of vegetation
from tiny flowers to
massive redwoods ...

... existing in an
intricate chain that
nourishes every living
thing on the face
of the earth ...

... groping for new
and better ways of
survival ...

... survived largely by
instinct ...

... and, in one of nature's
most amazing creations,
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thought, by the intelligence
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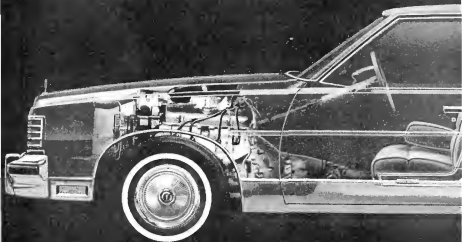
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With the security of Body by Fisher and the Wide-Track people—backed by thousand Pontiac dealers—the new the finest ever made.



**We invite you to evaluate
next page, and test-**

redesign of its full-sized

**Catalina provide more headroom,
last year's models.
new Pontiacs hold true to Pontiac's**

**the ingenuity of engineering from
General Motors and over three
1977 Pontiacs are, we believe,**



**the new Bonneville on the
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power front disc brakes and Pontiac's Radial Tuned Suspension make Bonneville as smooth and maneuverable as it is responsive.

More room inside. More headroom than last year's Bonneville. More legroom in back. Remarkable. No less remarkable are the new fabrics, new appointments and new conveniences. A beautiful new instrument panel is one thing. But we made ours more readable, too. By placing the instru-



Announcing the newest

ments higher on the panel. Because of the hood contours, road visibility is impressive. And just to make sure front-seat passengers didn't get all the good things, we put inertia locks on the seats of our 2-door coupes. No more wrestling with seatback latches.

Even your suitcases will have more room this year. Enough for three men's two-suiters, one ladies' pullman bag, two ladies' overnights, one men's overnights, two ladies' train cases and two golf bags. In a trimmer car. Now that's a little Pontiac magic.

Two new on-board diagnostic connectors.

They make it possible for your dealer to analyze the electrical system. They're part of Pontiac's new maintenance and protection planning for 1977. Other parts include a new maintenance-free battery. An instrument panel that's easily removed to change bulbs. More corrosion-resistant materials in the body and chassis than ever before. And an easily serviced module that contains the heater core, blower and available air-conditioning evaporator. That's quality. The kind that makes the 1977 Pontiac a smart investment for '78, '79 and on into the '80s. So buy or lease a new 1977 Pontiac. Soon.

*Not available in California and high altitude counties. See your Pontiac dealer for applicable EPA mileage figures and engine/transmission combinations available in California and high altitude emission-equipped cars.



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Footloose

by LOWELL COHN

FERRARIS ARE CUT DOWN TO SIZE IN THE FEDERATION INTERNATIONALE DU SLOT

The Ferrari 512 booms out of the hairpin curve and heads down the straightaway in hot pursuit of a red Lola T-312. The Ferrari has been gaining steadily, but with only one lap to go the man at the controls begins to get reckless. At the next to last turn both cars disappear into a tunnel that runs through a mountain. They are almost even. In a few seconds a gleam of crimson emerges from the darkness and in one final rush the low-slung Lola crosses the finish line before the Ferrari even reappears. A moment of painful silence follows. There can be no doubt: A crash.

"Nuts. I never liked those Ferraris, anyway," says 43-year-old Sean Hay. He disgustingly strides the seven or so feet to the mountain whose peak comes to about chest level. Rolling up his sleeve, he sticks his arm into the tunnel and retrieves a racer, which, at first glance, seems to be about the length of his pinkie.

The scene is Plyc-Wood International Raceway (named in honor of the Goodwood track in England), a 23-turn, 110-foot wood and plastic track located in Mike Zelinsky's basement on 16th Avenue in San Francisco. The vehicles are slot cars, miniature 1/48-scale models, which operate on electric current from two wires running along the roadway. A pin which is located under the minuscule front axle fits into a slot on the track and this holds the car in its lane. You control the speed by squeezing what looks like a Captain Video ray gun—actually it is a hand-held plastic rheostat.

Plyc-Wood Raceway is home for the Federation Internationale du Slot (FIS), a hardcore racing society whose 15 active members (median age 31) compete against each other as if they were on the real Grand Prix circuit. They sponsor a "regular" season of elimination races, score on a points basis, designate a Rookie of the Year and even hold an annual awards banquet (admission: \$6.50). Contrary to popular opinion, the slot car business has not gone bust. After being slightly depressed in the late '60s, sales have almost doubled from the previous peak, with the industry doing about \$175 million worth of business today.

Interteam squabbles that so often exacerbate the goings-on in the grown-up Grand Prix circuit are exaggerated at Plyc-Wood. Technical points such as whether or not to use tire adhesion additives are argued over endlessly. There is an ongoing debate over the road safety of aerodynamic wings (recent-

ly banned again after an improperly set wing caused one hot racer to be propelled off the track and into an ashtray).

Rules governing team colors, official numbers, prominent identification of sponsor and height, length and width of vehicles are enforced as rigorously in this mini-motor sport as they are in the real thing. Closed cars must have windcreens and back lights. Open cars may not race without drivers, which are, in reality, disembodied plastic heads slightly smaller than baby peas.

The FIS was concerned in 1971 at The Sea Winch bar in San Francisco's Ghirardelli Square. Zelinsky, Sean Hay and Peter Hope Sr. would gather there each evening to argue the finer points of Grand Prix racing. Soon they found themselves at Zelinsky's apartment with a case of beer and a set of Suzukers—rudimentary toy cars which, once electronically charged, race round and round an oval track until they run down. But with Suzukers all one can do is sit and watch. The group's growing addiction demanded something more challenging—cars they could actually control. In 1972 Zelinsky bought his first set of slots and a pip-squeak track that fit on a five-by-nine-foot piece of plywood. He was hooked. The next step was to get a really elaborate layout. When he moved to a more commodious house in 1973, Plyc-Wood Raceway was born. At \$1.99 per foot of track and from \$4 to \$10 for each car, the whole setup cost about \$400. Zelinsky's wife Barbara admits, "We bought our house so Mike could have room to play with his cars." As Zelinsky is fond of pointing out, "The rest is history."

Says two-time FIS champion Zelinsky, when asked for a rationale for his addiction, "I'm 13½ going on 14." He attends all major functions in a "Lord Plyc-Wood" T-shirt. He has a miniature Goodyear blimp suspended above his track, which he believes is the most sophisticated layout west of Pennsylvania. It has a full complement of pint-sized accessories, including roadway lights, the size of toothpicks and, for further verisimilitude, a tiny flashing yellow disaster signal.

Is Zelinsky serious? Well, yes and no. One minute he'll say, "To us this is a sport. We run elimination races exactly as the pros do." But then he'll downshift to a lighter tone. "You must drive within the conditions. There might be a pool of spilled beer on the track."

The point is that in Zelinsky, as in all his FIS members, two apparently incompatible attitudes coexist: passion and parody. The reason is simple: They are serious about what they're doing, all right, but their delightfully spontaneous whinny keeps things in perspective for at least, if you will.

Not that they have anything to feel embarrassed about. One glorious day last February they made racing history by driving a modified Aurora "G-Plus" the astonishing total of 4,811 laps (100.27 miles) in 24 hours. Translated to normal scale this is 6,429 miles

continued

Cross wearing a
lustrous, shimmering
gold finish for
those who respect the
finest, to lustrous
shining, gold filled,
sterling silver, and
solid gold. From
one to one hundred tiny
dollars.

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SLOT CARS *continued*

at an average scale speed of more than 267.89 mph, or more than 1½ times the highest average speed ever recorded for an Indianapolis 500. Mike Zelinsky was contacted by the publishers of the Guinness Book of World Records, who wanted to confirm that Plye-Wood International was indeed the sanctioning body of slot car racing. Naturally, Zelinsky said it was.

But at this moment the world champions aren't a bit pleased. They have accepted the challenge of an upstart Berkeley team to a grueling 12-hour endurance race. They have lined up track marshals and stewards and a brace of timekeepers. They have even notified the press. At the appointed starting time, 9 a.m., the opposition hasn't arrived.

After an hour's grace, Zelinsky places a hasty phone call. The challenging team, it turns out, is a fellow named Rick who can't get the day off from a Berkeley hardware store. And so it goes. Although the H.O. (1/64th) scale has replaced the gargantuan 1/24th (the smaller gauge is cheaper and crams more track into basements and living rooms), there still isn't enough top-notch competition around to make the FIS sweat.

Lacking an opponent, the team decides on intraquad sprints of 30 laps. The best race of the day pits 21-year-old Peter Hope Jr. against Billy ("C") Farlow, a newcomer and lead singer for Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen. Farlow, who hadn't expected to race this day, nervously opens the cigar box that holds his entire fleet and selects a hand-painted A. A. R. Indy Eagle.

At the starter's signal Hope's Ferrari Daytona GT grabs the lead, with the Eagle close behind. By the end of two laps each car has spun off the track several times. Don't let the diminutive look of the cars fool you. Slot car racing takes skill and moxie. Too much speed and the cars zing off the track like darts from a blowgun; too little and they tumble down on the banked turns.

After a few more laps Hope and Farlow get over the jitters and pretty soon their cars are chasing after each other like hopped-up water bugs. The rest of the company, 20 in all, are cheering as if they are at Indy. That is, all except Gil Munz, once a mechanic for Charlie Parsons, former U.S. Road Racing Champion. He sits on the side compulsively fixing wheels the size of aspirin tablets with an assortment of tools so small they might have been fashioned from the microscopic bones of the middle ear.

Meanwhile, Hope, the 1974 FIS champion, is getting all he can handle from Farlow until Billy suffers a fatal spinout on the last lap. Despite his loss, the others are impressed with the rookie's showing. He is clearly someone to reckon with in the future. Zelinsky raises a cheer for Farlow, and Billy, exhilarated by his near victory, shoots back, "I guess I ain't a rookie no more." Move over, Mario Andretti—just about 1/64th of an inch. **END**

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

NORM EVANS, AN ERSTWHEEL DOLPHIN IN SEARCH OF SELF, PUTS IT ON THE LINE

Because almost everyone seems to be "born again" these days, from presidential candidates to hard-nosed former White House henchmen, no one should be surprised to find a born-again offensive lineman. He's Norm Evans, once of the Miami Dolphins, now a Seattle Seahawk, and he writes about both evangelical religion and football in *On the Line* (Revell \$5.95) with the assistance of Edwin Pope—who is, miracle of miracles, a born-again sportswriter.

The book is being promoted in large measure as an expression of faith, and deserves to be respectfully received as such. Evans is not a theologian—his views on the divinely ordained domination of women by men strike me as antediluvian—but he is a person of impressive decency and sincerity; beyond that, his genuine modesty and his eagerness to fulfill himself spiritually as well as financially are well-nigh astounding in this age of inflated athletic egos.

For all his obvious virtues, Evans is no goody-goody, and in fact it is his forthright account of the Dolphins' 1975 season that makes the book of real interest to sports fans. There are no swear words here—but there's plenty of unvarnished talk about the hardcrabble life of an offensive lineman and about what it's like to play under Don Shula, the most successful active coach in the game.

The 1975 season was a tough one for the Dolphins. They ran up a 10-4 record, which kept them out of the playoffs for the first time since Shula took over in 1970. Still, Evans' account suggests that Shula may have done his finest coaching job in '75, keeping the Dolphins near their accustomed level of excellence despite the celebrated World Football League defections and a plague of major injuries. Wisely, Evans and Pope have chosen not to tell the story of that season in diary form, a device used so frequently in "inside" sports books that it has become a cliché. Instead, each chapter deals with a different aspect of football as Evans experiences it. This one that's likely to grip most readers is called "God Loves Me Too." Evans talks about Carl Eller, Claude Humphrey, and other defensive linemen, and they in turn describe what it's like to play against Evans—it's hard.

A few months after the season ended, Shula gambled and put Evans, 34 years old, on the expansion list. He lost: Seattle drafted him. Evans took the news with characteristic good grace; now his book comes as a reminder of just how much the Dolphins lost. **END**



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

THE NOCTURNAL GAME

Baseball traditionalists, such as our own William Leggett (page 101), are strongly against the television-inspired decision to shift Game No. 2 of this year's World Series from Sunday afternoon to Sunday night. The trouble is that the traditionalists are a distinct minority among baseball fans, most of whom now prefer World Series games to be at night. This was demonstrated last year when the Cincinnati-Boston games played in the afternoon were relative flops—so far as numbers watching on TV were concerned—compared to those at night, even though the day games were on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, supposedly ideal times for televised sports. The seventh game, played on a Wednesday night, attracted an estimated total audience of 75.9 million people, the biggest in U.S. television history (and more than 800 times the size of the biggest crowd—92,706, Dodgers-White Sox, World Series, Los Angeles Coliseum, Oct. 6, 1959—ever to see a big-league game in the flesh).

More to the point, that Wednesday night game drew 33 to 41 million more people to their TV sets than did the Saturday and Sunday games. It was in hopes of reaching such a much larger audience that NBC persuaded baseball to take the radical step of switching from Sunday afternoon to Sunday night. Leggett feels baseball is making a mistake in doing this, and he may well be right. On the other hand, if the ratings turn out to be as striking as NBC expects, even in the face of Sunday night prime-time competition on the other networks, all future World Series games are likely to be nocturnal. So much for tradition.

INNOVATOR

From Cranbury, N.J., comes a letter from a football fan named John Jay Wilhelm, who was moved to comment on something he saw in the NFL's Monday night game a week or so ago.

"I should like to bring to your atten-

tion a surprising development in the Philadelphia-Washington game," writes Mr. Wilhelm. "With Philadelphia behind 17-10 and just over one minute to go in regulation time, Charlie Smith of the Eagles caught a touchdown pass and did not: a) spike the ball, b) drop it back over his shoulder, c) toss it into the stands or d) get down on his knees and roll it. Instead, he put it under his arm and walked toward the bench.

"Mr. Smith's action, it seems to me, smacks of genius. Who would have thought, at this late date, that there remained such creative avenues in end-zone celebrations? I envision an entirely new trend in post-touchdown rituals from this brilliant start. Mr. Smith is to be commended."

LOSING STREAK

In commenting adversely on *Bull Four*, the Jim Bouton TV series that has been battered around by the critics, John Schulan of the *Washington Post* says it isn't fair for the show to call its fictional big-league team the "Washington Americans." All that means, says Schulan, looking forward to TV's cutdown day, is that long-suffering Washington fans, who twice in the past 15 years have had major league teams taken away from them, are going to lose one more baseball franchise.

Y.A., Y TEAR, WHY KICK

It used to be that a pro football fan could impress people with his inside knowledge by dropping terms like "blitz" and "red dog," but the game's jargon has long since become far more complex than that, perhaps unnecessarily so. Y. A. Tittle, the old quarterback, recalls that when he was playing pro ball his team once ran a play that was described in the huddle as "Red Up, Right, Y Tear, X Open, 29 Near, G-O On Two." Said Tittle, "When I was a kid in Marshall, Texas, we had the exact identical play. We called it 'End run right, on two.'"

Tittle also tells of an experience he

had more recently coaching Pop Warner football. He was looking for a player who could placekick, and with that in mind lined up his entire squad and had each boy attempt a kickoff. One 12-year-old trotted toward the ball, hesitated, moved toward the ball again, paused once more and finally stopped dead.

"Kick the ball," Tittle ordered, with some impatience.

"Coach," the boy said, "which foot do I kick it with?"

PLAY AND REPLAY

Long after the telecasts of the Montreal Olympics had faded into memory, Mrs. John A. Fisher Jr. of Memphis was startled to discover her son Charley high-jumping inside the house. Charley is four. He set a cane pole across a doorway at a height of about a foot and a half, put cushions on the far side to function as his PORTaPIT and an ottoman on the near side to give him height and spring. Then he called on his mother to come and watch him jump. He cleared the height—not once, but several times. Mrs.



Fisher smiled her approval, applauded and finally turned to go.

"Wait, Mom," Charley called. "Now watch me do it slow motion."

UNREPENTANT

Jack Tatum, the Oakland Raider safety who was fined \$750 by NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle in the aftermath of the Raiders' post-whistle attack on the Pittsburgh Steelers' Lynn Swann a few weeks ago, was seen reading a book on

continued

the Raiders' flight to Boston before last Sunday's game with the New England Patriots. The name of the book was *Winning Through Intimidation*. Considering what happened to the Raiders in their game with the Patriots, maybe Tatum ought to shift to *How to Win Friends and Influence People*.

BUSNER

Technically, the award was justified. After all, 1976 was her first season in World Team Tennis. Yet it seems odd to read that, after six seasons of big-time competition and nearly \$1 million in prizes, Chris Evert has been named the WTT Female Rookie of the Year.

SLIMS PICKINS

Rookie Evert and other women on the pro tennis tour will have even greater opportunities to rake in the gold next year. The Virginia Slims circuit, which began in 1970 with one \$5,000 event, has increased its purses to \$1.25 million for its 12-week season. The treasure hunt begins on Jan. 3 in Washington, D.C. and ends late in March in Madison Square Garden with the \$150,000 Slims championship. That is also known as the Chris and Evonne Show, since only people named Evert and Googong have won the Slims singles title in its five years of existence.

CRADLE SONG

Poor Miami University. The Oxford, Ohio school is having one of the more depressing autumns of its 167-year history, at least in a sporting sense. Its distinguished alumnus Walter Alston resigned as manager of the Los Angeles Dodgers, its highly rated football team has lost five straight games and now its reputation as football's Cradle of Coaches has been challenged. Regularly, stories appear about the famous coaches who have come out of Miami—Paul Brown, Ara Parseghian, Paul Dietzel and many others. This season Miami has five graduates who are head coaches at Division I schools—Bo Schembechler, Michigan; Bill Mallory, Colorado; John Pont, Northwestern; Jim Root, William & Mary; Carmen Cozza, Yale—certainly an admirable record but no longer the pre-eminent one.

The honor has shifted to Alabama, which has seven major-college coaches this season—Paul Bryant, Alabama; Bud Moore, Kansas; Richard Williamson,

Memphis State; Bill Buttle, Tennessee; Steve Sloan, Texas Tech; Jimmy Sharpe, Virginia Tech; Jackie Sternell, Washington State. And close behind Miami, with four top coaches each, are Bowling Green (like Miami, a member of the Mid-American Conference) and the University of Utah.

Georgia Tech, Mississippi State, Ohio State and Texas A&M are represented by three coaches each, but after that the list spreads wide. So wide, in fact, that almost 20% of the 137 Division I teams have head coaches who came from the small colleges hidden down there in Divisions II and III. Among these are Ohio State's Woody Hayes, from Denison—and Miami's own Dick Crum, who learned his football at a powerhouse called Mt. Union.

SMALL FRY

Speaking of small colleges, two relatively obscure Virginia schools were thrust into the limelight late in September when ABC Sports suddenly decided to make the game between Madison and Hampden-Sydney its regional telecast. Madison, 3-0, was ranked No. 1 in the nation that week among Division III teams (along with C. W. Post of New York), and Hampden-Sydney was also undefeated, but even so it was the first time the network had ever put on a Division III regular-season game. This may help to account for the behavior of J. Stokely Fulton, Hampden-Sydney's football coach and athletic director, after he received word that his boys would be on the telly. Fulton promptly phoned Randolph-Macon College, Hampden-Sydney's archrival for more than 80 years, to make sure no one there was pulling a fast one. "My first reaction," admits Fulton, "was one of stunned disbelief."

But it was true, ABC Sports was high on the idea. It was Parents and Friends Weekend at Hampden-Sydney, where the game was played, and that gave TV the color background it cherishes. And the contrasts between the schools made the matchup a natural. Madison, founded in 1908, has around 7,700 students. Hampden-Sydney, founded in 1776 (you know which bicentennial it's been celebrating), has only 743.

All the excitement engendered by the telecast, the homecoming and the meeting of undefeated teams was stimulating, but Hampden-Sydney officials were concerned when it became clear that game

attendance might reach 10,000, three times the normal size. "We were worried about where all those people would go to the bathroom," says Martin Sherrod, the Hampden-Sydney director of communications.

But television insists on happy endings, and the Hampden-Sydney people came through in style. They rented 10 portable toilets and then went out and upset Madison 21-14.

GUNKHOLING, ANYBODY?

This is not a trivia quiz. Below are two lists, one a series of sports terms extracted from the recently published Webster's Sports Dictionary, the other a list of sports that the terms apply to. Try to match the terms with the sport. The editor of this section got all of five right out of 16, mostly by guessing.

TERM	SPORT
1. Mongolian draw	a. Rugby
2. Moebius flap	b. Track and field
3. Death spiral	c. Wrestling
4. Cuban fork ball	d. Sailing
5. Crab ride	e. Harness racing
6. Belly roll	f. Archery
7. Wheel socker	g. Hunting
8. Tight scrum	h. Skating
9. Swedish box	i. Skiing
10. Running English	j. Cycling
11. Pumpkin ball	k. Baseball
12. Penholder grip	l. Gymnastics
13. Naismith's formula	m. Mountain climbing
14. Murphy blind	n. Hiking
15. Ice screw	o. Billiards
16. Gunkholing	p. Table tennis

The answers: 1-f, 2-i, 3-h, 4-k, 5-e, 6-b, 7-j, 8-a, 9-l, 10-o, 11-g, 12-p, 13-n, 14-c, 15-m, 16-d.

TNEY SAID IT

• Phil Garner, Oakland A's second baseman: "We were just as crazy a ball club this year as we ever were, so far as gripping goes. The only difference was we didn't have unified turmoil."

• Abe Lemons, University of Texas basketball coach, when asked if he felt his team should be ranked in the Top Twenty this season: "You mean in the state?"

• Brian Hall, Texas Tech kicker who has an artificial leg, after his two field goals and a pair of extra points gave Tech a victory: "You've heard the expression 'No news is good news.' Well, I say, 'No toes is good toes.'"

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TWO BIG RED

Back in those dear dead days of spring and summer when winning was virtually a daily occurrence, the Phillies were fond of describing themselves in trendy baseball idiom as a team without "peaks or valleys." So emotionally anchored were they that the joy of victory and the agony of defeat (what little there was of that) were nearly indistinguishable. The Phillies simply rolled over the stiff in the Na-

tional League East, toasting themselves at their team wine tastings, practicing their transcendental meditation, whiling away a perfectly splendid summer in the manner of gentlemen scholars on sabbatical.

Untoward events in recent weeks, both on the field and off, have established that the Phillies, contrary to their earlier image, have more peaks and valleys than Tibet. Granted, the protagonist of the present unpleasantness is Dick Allen, a man of such consummate mischievousness that he could incite a riot in a Trappist monastery. Still, the Phillies have proved themselves as frail as the rest of us. Ordinarily this might be regarded as an encouraging development by the Reds, the Phils' opponents in the National

ROSE: 215 HITS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

MORGAN: 60 STEALS



MACHINES

League championship series. It might, that is, if the memory of another team boiling with internal disorder were not so vivid. Compared to the A's of 1972, the '76 Phillies are models of deportment, but the A's overtook Cincinnati in the World Series of four years ago, and the Reds have been wary of intramural squabbles ever since.

If dissension will help them, the Phillies should be thankful for it, because they will need every edge they can get against the reigning world champions. For when the playoffs begin this weekend in Philadelphia, the home team will be the underdog in the sort of series the owners were dreaming of when they established the divisional setup in 1969 but have rarely gotten in the ensuing years.

Baseball's best—and hardest-hitting—teams, the Phils and Reds, come out slugging in the National League playoffs, while Yanks-Royals will open some eyes in the American

by Ron Fimrite

According to their regular-season records, Cincinnati (102-60) and Philadelphia (101-61) are the two best teams in the majors. However, that fact alone is not what makes these playoffs so enticing. It is the hitting of the antagonists—long-ball hitting, line-drive hitting, lay-it-down-and-beat-it-out hitting—that promises to turn this into a special series. There will be runners on base—lots of

continued

LUZINSKI: 95 RBIs



SCHMIDT: 38 HOMERS



them. That means there will be plenty of opportunities for stealing, an endeavor at which both teams are proficient. And for scoring, a category in which they held wide margins over the rest of the National League. And for big innings, a specialty of both clubs. Right down to the socks of their almost identical uniforms, Philly and Cincy both are Big Red Machines, the sobriquet given long ago to Cincinnati because of its prolific scoring.

The problem for the Phils is that the Cincy machine is a little better at just about everything except pitching, which the Reds define as a group activity intended to limit opponents to no more than 10 runs a game. Cincy's batters may be counted on for at least 11. George Foster led the league with 121 RBIs, and Ken Griffey was second in batting with a .336 average. Centerfielder Cesar Geronimo, a 257 hitter in 1975, batted .307 this year, and the Establishment—Pete Rose and Joe Morgan—enjoyed routinely sensational seasons. Rose hit .323, while Morgan had a .320 average, 27 homers and 60 steals. Rose, Morgan and Griffey all scored more than 100 runs, and Foster and Morgan batted in more than 100, with Tony Perez close behind with 91 RBIs. Collectively, the Reds hit .280 to, of course, lead the league. They scored more runs than anyone and had more

homers and stolen bases, too. Johnny Bench is still probably the best defensive catcher in the game. Dave Concepcion is among the finest shortstops. Morgan is an outstanding second baseman, and Geronimo has considerable range and one of the strongest throwing arms.

But to win in a short series, baseball savants insist, a team must have good pitching. The Reds' pitching is merely adequate, but they won a World Series with it a year ago and it is no worse now. In fact, rookies Pat Zachry and Santo Alcalá give additional depth to a staff already distinguished more for numbers than names. Seven Cincinnati pitchers have won 10 games or more—an esoteric accomplishment that is, nevertheless, unequalled in National League history. So what if none of them won more than 15 or completed more than eight games? As the expression goes, there is always activity in the Reds' bullpen. Rawly Eastwick appeared in 71 games and had 26 saves. Pedro Borbon pitched in 69 and Will McEnaney worked in 55. Of these earnest toilers, only McEnaney can be said to have had an off season.

Individual merits aside, the Reds play as a team. In Morgan's familiar words, "We do the little things better." The Reds

run the bases, they advance their runners expertly and, when they have them in scoring position, they generally score. And their defense is hardly generous.

Only a little more than a month ago, the Phillies would have merited equivalent accolades. They, too, can hit, run and field. In Mike Schmidt, who led the majors with 38 homers, Greg Luzinski and Allen, they have power hitters comparable to the best. Outfielders Luzinski, Garry Maddox and Jay Johnstone all hit better than .300. Dave Cash and Larry Bowa, who form the Phils' skilled double-play combination, and Maddox are good base runners. And Philadelphia has two stoppers, Steve Carlton (20-7 and 13 complete games) and Jim Lonborg (11-10, to Cincinnati's none).

For a long while, it seemed that the Phillies might win more games this year than the Reds. Few teams have opened a season more impressively. After losing three of their first four games, they launched an amazing streak in which they won 51 of their next 69 games and effectively disengaged themselves from

PEREZ: 91 RBIS



FOSTER: 121 RBIS



GRIFFEY: .336



the rabble in their division. They moved into first on May 9 and were 15½ games ahead of the second-place Pirates on Aug. 25. The next day, they won the first of a four-game series with the Reds that was looked upon as a playoff preview. It was their seventh victory over Cincy against two losses. But they dropped the final three games to the Reds, then lost five more in a row. In the days that followed, they won only five of 21 games. By Sept. 17, the Pirates were only three games back.

During this time, the Phillies were playing without Allen, who absented himself from the team in late July, earning a suspension that was subsequently lifted when it was learned he had an injured shoulder. Allen rejoined his teammates on Sept. 3, but, hurt and slumping, he was unable to arrest the descent.

With the Pirates almost upon them, the Phillies rallied, winning seven of nine games before clinching the division title in Montreal on the 26th. Allen celebrated this signal triumph, the first Phillies championship since 1950, in the solitude

of the dugout while his teammates sprayed champagne in the clubhouse. He left the team immediately afterward, eschewing a three-game series in St. Louis in favor of some restful days with the home folks on his farm in Perkasie, Pa. He took off this time with the alleged permission of Manager Danny Ozark, although reporters accompanying the team suspected permission was granted only after the departure. Allen accompanied this latest defection with the pronouncement that he would not participate in either the playoffs or the World Series unless his old pal, 40-year-old Infielder Tony Taylor, was placed on the team's 25-man roster for postseason games.

Allen's behavior obviously did not sit well with his manager and some of his teammates. "He makes \$250,000 a year," said Relief Pitcher Tug McGraw, who does not. "If he was so hot to celebrate the championship with his family, he should have flown them here to St. Louis. They said he's been hitting an hour and a half every day at home. What does he think his teammates are doing out here in St. Louis?" McGraw also reportedly raised the delicate issue of race at a stormy team meeting held last Wednesday by claiming that several of the black

players had formed a clique. "Somebody's sure been fooling me this season," said Maddox. "I never saw a sign all year of any race problems."

Team President Ruly Carpenter finally intervened in the Allen brouhaha. He met his recalcitrant employee at the farm and advised him that Taylor would be in uniform for the playoffs—but as a coach, not as a player. "Everything has been straightened out," Carpenter said to the press after the conversation. "Allen apologized for any problem he may have created. He will be in uniform tomorrow night."

If the Allen case is indeed closed, then all that remains is Cash's season-long disenchantment with the Phillies' front office. Cash, who is considered the team leader, has not signed a contract and, unlike many of the other future free agents, seems unhappy about it.

All of this grief may serve to unite the Phillies for a supreme effort in the playoffs. An angry team can be a winning team, as the A's have proved. Or it can come apart, as hundreds of other angry teams have in the past. Chances are the Phillies are not as resilient as the roughest about A's of recent seasons have been. And the Reds are not the team they were in 1972. They are better. Only complacency can undo them. In the battle of Big Red Machines, pick Cincinnati to win in four.

CONTINUED

JOHNSTONE: .318



CASH: 12 TRIPLES



MADDOX: .330



N.Y. SHOULD BE O.K. AGAINST K.C.

by Larry Keith

At the end, the Royals did have a little trouble, but they finally beat Oakland when they had to. The Yankees? Won it going away, and the rumor is already around that CBS wants to buy them back and use them to replace the team on *Ball Four*. The important thing, though, is that now the fans can wake up; the playoffs begin Saturday in Kansas City, and they're going to be a real eye-opener.

That will be blessed relief from the dull American League season. New York took over first place in the East on April 12, and Kansas City in the West on May 18. For the rest of the summer they held big leads, until the Royals uncharacteristically stopped scoring runs in September. That gave the A's a chance to eat into Kansas City's eight-game lead and

briefly make a race of it. Oakland convincingly won the first two of a brawling three-game series from the Royals last week and moved within 2½ games of the top. Then Larry Gara pitched a four-hitter and Amos Otis came off the bench to break a slump by driving in two runs with a double and a homer, and Kansas City took the third game 4-0—and that was that. But while a Yankees vs. Royals playoff was predictable months ago, the winner of this best-of-five series is not so easy to foretell.

In philosophy and execution, New York and Kansas City are remarkably similar teams, molded by their like-minded managers, Billy Martin of the Yankees and Whitey Herzog of K.C. Yankee pitching ranked first in the league; the Royals were second. The Yankees were second in saves and hitting, the Royals third. The Royals were second in stolen bases, the Yankees third. The most obvious difference between the two teams reflects their environments more than their abilities. Renovated Yankee Stadium allowed New York many more home runs—120 to Kansas City's 64—while the spaciousness of Royals Stadium resulted in K.C.'s hitting 49 more doubles and triples than the Yankees. "They're a lot like us," says Yankee Outfielder Lou Piniella, a former Royal. "Both teams rely on pitching and defense. We don't really have that much more power."

For the second year in a row Kansas City won seven of the 12 regular-season games between the two, but neither side considers that a reliable barometer. Only one game was a rout. Six were decided by one run, and three went into extra innings. "We're beginning the playoffs all even, nothing up," says Herzog. "But the way our hitting has gone down lately, we may be a different club than when we last played the Yankees in August." Indeed, the Royals hit .275 before Sept. 1 and .244 thereafter.

A quick recovery would seem advisable, because New York definitely has

the pitching to stifle even the liveliest bats. Surprisingly, the worst records and highest earned run averages among the Yankee starters belong to the staff's most celebrated members—former Oakland heroes Catfish Hunter (17-15) and Ken Holtzman (14-11). Of the two, only Hunter should make the three-man playoff rotation, even though his record against K.C. the last two years is 1-5. Joining him will be two other righthanders—Ed Figueroa (19-10) and Dock Ellis (17-8). The bullpen's short stoppers include Grant Jackson, who is unbeaten since joining the Yankees in June, unheralded Dick Tidrow and unflappable Sparky Lyle, who led the league with 23 saves. "The pitching is all in their favor," says Baltimore Scout Jim Russo. "I think that's going to be the difference."

As their records and their unfamiliar names indicate, Kansas City's pitchers are a bit less formidable. And they lack the postseason experience of Hunter and of Ellis, who pitched in playoffs and in a World Series as a Pirate. More important, some of the Royals' best arms may go unused. Al Fitzmorris (15-11) has not won a game since Aug. 28 and may get no more starts against New York than he did in the two crucial September series against Oakland, when he didn't pitch an inning. Paul Splittorff is 9-5 lifetime against the Yankees, but he had not started in two months because of a stretched tendon in the middle finger on his pitching hand. He returned to the Royals' rotation for the season finale and was bombed for four runs in the four innings that he worked. Steve Mingori, Mark Littell and Marty Pattin give K.C. excellent relief. For starters, the Royals probably will stick with Dennis Leonard, at 17-10 the staff's big winner, Andy Hassler (5-12), who has come back strong after losing 18 straight games over two seasons; and Doug Bird (12-10).

The Yankees could ravish a rotation whose only left-hander is Hassler. Opposing managers have gone with lefties as much as possible against New York this year—a sound, if not always a successful, strategy. The Yankees' leadoff batter and top hitter, Centerfielder Mickey Rivers (.312, 95 runs and 43 stolen bases), is left-handed. So are three of the four most productive power hitters: Third Baseman Graig Nettles (32 home runs and 93 RBIs), First Baseman Chris Chambliss (17 and 96) and Oscar Gamble (17 and 57). Switch-hitting Leftfielder Roy

If Otis can get on, the Royals could come on.



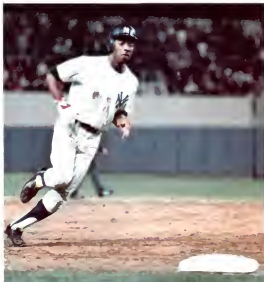
White, who does such an admirable job of advancing Rivers into scoring position, hit .320 from the left side and only .248 from the right. The best right-handed batter is Catcher Thurman Munson (.302 with 17 homers and 105 RBIs). As a result, the Yankees have been more successful against righties than lefties, but their winning percentage against left-handers still would have been good enough to take the Eastern Division title.

The team with the real righty-lefty problem is Kansas City. The Royals were 68-50 against the former and 22-22 against the latter. Third Baseman George Brett (.333), DH Hal McRae (.332) and Leftfielder Tom Poquette (.302) were effective against all pitchers, but left-handed First Baseman John Mayberry hit a dismal .232 against the league and a pathetic .069 against New York. Mayberry did lead K.C. in RBIs, with 95, but because he batted behind Brett and/or McRae, the league's two top hitters, he had opportunities to drive home many, many more runs than he did.

The Royals' best all-round player is Centerfielder Otis, who batted .279, drove in 86 runs, was the team home run leader with 18 and stole 26 bases. In past years, Otis had a reputation for folding under pressure; indeed, he and Mayberry were the main culprits in Kansas City's September scoring drought. But Otis also had three of the Royals' biggest hits of the season. Four weeks ago, after the A's had started to close in, his ninth-inning homer with two men on capped a five-run rally that beat the Twins and gave K.C. its most dramatic—and perhaps most important—victory of the season. His double and homer last week against Oakland all but clinched the Western title.

Against the Yankees, Otis must add to his collection of clutch hits, although they need not be homers. He and Shortstop Freddie Patek (51 steals) are the bellwethers of the Royals' running game, but he must get on before he can use his speed. And since he bats ahead of those masters of the single and double, Brett and McRae, Otis stands a good chance of scoring whenever he reaches base. Hits by Otis could be the key to big innings for Kansas City.

Most experts give the Royals the defensive edge, even though the Yanks committed fewer errors and completed almost as many double plays as Kansas City did during the season. As a com-



Rivers has been the Yankees' spark with his .312 hitting, his 67 RBIs and, especially, his speed

parison between Patek and New York Shortstop Fred Stanley indicates, defensive statistics are often misleading. Stanley committed far fewer errors than his K.C. counterpart, but Patek is clearly the superior man at short, with much greater range. He and his teammates will have another advantage in the first two games, which will be played in Kansas City on the only synthetic field in the league. The Royals have played 81 games on a rug this season. The Yanks have played six.

Kansas City's fielding superiority is even more decisive in the outfield. The Yankees will be much safer running on Catchers Bob Stinson and Buck Martinez than on the strong arms of Otis and Rightfielder Al Cowens. The Royals, meanwhile, will prefer challenging the looping pegs of White and Rivers rather than the hard throws of Munson.

In fact, catcher is the only position at which New York has a decided edge, but it is likely to be a most important one in a series between two fast clubs. While Munson may check the Royals' runners, Kansas City's catchers are not apt to stop

the Yankees, especially Rivers. At least Munson's equal as a candidate for the league's MVP award, Rivers has provided the spark for New York's offense. The Yanks lost 12 of the 26 games he did not start this season. With him, they won 85 of 133.

Although neither team has played in a championship series before, another advantage for New York is experience. The Yankees are a patchwork club, put together largely through deals with other teams. They are two years per man older than the Royals, and nine of them and their manager have been on playoff or World Series teams in other cities. None of the young Royals or their manager have any experience in postseason play.

Thus, the rebuilt, repainted, repolished Yankees must be favored over the shabby new Royals. "Being better on paper doesn't mean you're better on the field," McRae argues. True enough, but New York, in different places at different times, has been there, and it always helps to know the way.

NOTHING MEANER THAN JUNKYARD DOGS

When the teams took to fighting and they pulled them from the floor, the Tide looked like a jigsaw puzzle with a couple of pieces gone **by John Underwood**

Ray Goff, the Georgia quarterback who runs, says that being a Junkyard Dog is not always as glamorous as it sounds. Goff shaved his head just like the other 25 or so skinned Bulldogs (the number grows as inhibitions wane) who adopted the sobriquet and the, er, style in an early demonstration of team unity, and now sees himself as being so ugly he "probably won't get another date till the season's over." It has been five weeks since the disfigurement, and the stubble on Goff's pallid gray scalp is still shorter than what springs from his chin when he neglects to shave of a morning. Goff has tens to add that he is not complaining.

Neither, it seemed, was Assistant Coach Pat Hodgson as he stood there last Saturday in that slightly bally Georgia dressing room—well, what do you expect after beating a Bear Bryant-Alabama team 21-0?—and let another razor-

wielding Junkyarder harvest his wavy brown hair in front of the bellowing group. As the nap flew, Hodgson was called on to fulfill the second part of his deal—to kiss the pulpy white maw of the Georgia bulldog mascot, Uga III. He did so, not once but twice. And then again. With gusto.

Matt Robinson, the Georgia quarterback who passes, watched Head Coach Vince Dooley take in this moving scene from off to one side. Dooley had been given the game ball and was, then as always, calm in the vortex of the storm. He was heard to marvel at how luxurious the locks were that Hodgson was giving to the cause. He put his hand on his own somewhat diminished crop. Robinson, himself reshorn just that morning, noted that Dooley's "time is coming." He said Dooley had promised to submit if Georgia continues all the way to an undefeated season.

To appreciate the weight of this prospect, one must understand the type of person Dooley is, and what he has wrought in 13 years at Georgia. His invariably gung-ho teams (he has never had a loser) do not reflect his subdued personality. He is a warm, intelligent, agreeable communicant one-on-one, but his shyness in groups and shortcomings at stand-up humor originally caused him to be thought of as "distant." Remember, this is Athens, where the comedy and con of the late Wally Butts will not soon be forgotten. Dooley's vivacious wife Barbara, who is as much Dooley's opposite as his teams are (she says their solid 16-year marriage is a tribute to his coaching ability), could have told you the truth about "Old Vince" years ago.

He is a perfectionist. He leaves nothing to chance. For their vacations, he not only reads the tour books and pores over maps but insists on investigating every attraction. "He never gives up," says Bar-

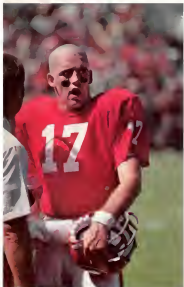
bara. Do not expect Old Vince to be given to rash judgments or idle promises. When he agreed to risk instant baldness as the price of an undefeated season, he knew his chances. Only a team or two a year go undefeated. "The odds," he said, "are on my side."

The odds are getting shorter. Georgia emerged from the Alabama game as Dixie's best bet in the race for the national championship, a team clamoring for the recognition Alabama has monopolized in winning five straight Southeastern Conference titles. Having lost two games, Alabama would appear to be already out of the dance.

Deadly cool and efficient on the attack, slinging at Alabama's proud defense from every angle, ears laid back and belligerent on defense, swarming over Alabama's proud wishbone, the Bulldogs put together as close to perfect a shutout as one would ever see in what had appeared to be an even match. They did these things with a team that has neither great size nor speed. With no Archie Griffin running the ball. With one quarterback who can't throw (Goff) and another who can't run (Robinson). With a defense so small Defensive Coordinator Erk Russell started calling them the Runts in lieu of Junkyard Dogs this fall. "I am a runt," says 172-pound Safety Mark Mitchell proudly. The defensive line averaged 210 pounds opposite the Alabama offense, outweighed 37 pounds a man.

Yet with all that, Georgia has a splendid singleness of purpose, which is perhaps best seen in the uncomplaining job-sharing of opposites Goff and Robinson—the former a deeply religious "God-Squadder," the latter a freer spirit who doesn't mind risking a nickel or two in the afternoon poker games at the dorm. They seek out each other to be roommates on the road, and ask only to share the load, not carry it alone. "It is something you always wish your best teams will have, but often don't," says Dooley. He has had far more talented teams, he says, but never one that cared more. He told the Bulldogs before Alabama that he did not know if they would win, "but I know you will always give your best for 60 minutes. I can't ask for more."

Even Dooley does not pretend Georgia is without talent, of course. In Guard Joel (Cowboy) Parrish and Tackle Mike (Moonpie) Wilson he has what may well be the finest matched pair of blocking seraphim in the country, as well as the most



Now Matt Robinson's a gambler, a quarterback who's hip, and he led Georgia to that 21-0

intriguingly named. Parrish arrived on campus three years ago in a 10-gallon hat, a scruffy pair of cowboy boots and a Texas-type pickup truck—from Douglas, Ga. Publicist Dan Magill likes to point out that Wilson "eats a carton of moonpies a week," but Wilson, from Gainesville, Ga., says he got the name because his face is the shape of one, not because he stuffs it with them. He says he really can't stand moonpies.

Georgia also has a superb kicking game. Punter Bucky Dills put 56- and 54-yarders into the thin air over the Crimson Tide when the need for field position was crucial, and though Placekicker Allan Leavin did not have to kick any 50-yard field goals (he holds the SEC record with five), he boomed his kickoffs so deep into—and sometimes out of—the end zone that Alabama had only two that were returnable.

Beforehand Bryant declared it "the best Georgia team I've seen in years." Georgia had won three straight but had to rally to beat California and South Carolina, and though ranked sixth to Alabama's 10th and playing right there in chummy Athens, went off a six-point underdog. Such is the massive shadow Bryant casts over the SEC; Dooley said that shadow alone "was probably worth a touchdown." A strident Atlanta sportscaster summed it up as well as anyone. He said Georgia was on the verge of a "great game," and that he really didn't like Bear Bryant, because Bear ran away from tough bowl opponents. Then he picked Alabama to win by 10 points.

The night before the game Bryant lamented the fact that many of his young players had been used to Alabama's winning but had "mostly watched others do it." He fretted over the possible exploitation of his pea-green secondary. He pondered the "confidence" his team had not yet achieved from a big victory. Then he peddled off to bed in his Georgia red and black silk pajamas.

Every fear was realized. The game plan Dooley worked out with Offensive Coordinator Bill Pace called for attacking the Bama secondary whenever it began rotating too aggressively. Then, with the passing game in order, and using traps and counters that actually called for the Georgia blockers to put their helmets on the wrong side of Alabama's big, strong down linemen, Cowboy and Moonpie ignited the running game. Influenced away from the plays on their own momentum,



Alabama found itself in the beddest part of town and if you go down there you better just beware

the Alabama forwards frequently left breaches in the line, not always where the plays were diagrammed to go but big enough for the Georgia backs to sniff them out.

This was after the teams had slugged scoreless and even to Georgia's lost possession of the first half. Robinson, having relieved Goff soon after the quarter break, went to work with his two best receivers, Gene Washington and Steve Davis, split to the same side in what Georgia calls its twin set. Given Alabama's aggressive reaction, Robinson said he figured Davis would have "a busy day" from that formation—coming across under the coverage geared primarily to stop Washington.

As it turned out, either Washington or Davis was consistently open. Robinson did not always get the ball to them, but he did twice on important catches as the Bulldogs hurried downfield from their 33, trying to beat the clock. In 12 plays, Georgia marched to the Tide 15. Robinson then tucked in the ball and scrambled to the Alabama three. From there, and with just eight seconds to go, good-pass, no-run Robinson ran a keeper behind Cowboy and Moonpie—fancy that—and wedged into the end zone.

It was as much as Georgia needed, because its runty defense, stunting and

blitzing and generally making nervous wrecks of Alabama's two quarterbacks—Jack O'Rear and Jeff Rutledge—pitched a near perfect game in the second half. It is possible that Alabama will meet better linebackers and roverbacks than Bill Krug, Ben Zambiasi and Jeff Lewis, but it is doubtful that it will ever find them again in such clutching, cloying masses.

With Goff quarterbacking, the Bulldogs drove 61 yards without the need of a pass for their breathing-room touchdown, and polished the game off with a 21-yard touchdown drive after an Alabama fumble midway in the fourth quarter. After that, Vince Dooley did exactly what Barbara Dooley would have predicted he would do. He did not jump up and down and throw himself fully clothed into the shower. He stood around answering questions, with the Georgia tie he designed himself only slightly askew, and was so calm and collected he appeared almost bored. He said he couldn't really spend too much time enjoying beating Alabama or Bear Bryant, now could he? There was Mississippi next, and no telling who else now that the SEC is a dogfight again, with Alabama reduced to one of the gang, etc., etc.

And, of course, as Barbara Dooley would be happy to tell you, Old Vince would be absolutely right.

END

NOT THE GREATEST WAY TO GO



If, as Muhammad Ali maintains, his disputed victory over Ken Norton was his last fight ever, the faded image of his old skills that he left in the ring at Yankee Stadium makes his decision a wise one **by Mark Kram**

Just a few hours before his title defense against Ken Norton last week, Muhammad Ali sat shoeless, his feet up on a kitchen table in an apartment on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, isolated from all the chasers and half-wits who snap at his peace and concentration before a big fight, away from some of those parasites around him who call themselves aides and had hastened his recent decline. After thinking about suitable endings for his strange and incomparable career Ali suddenly turned to his host and said, "Maybe I should reach up and pull down the mike in the middle of the ring and announce... Lasasadies and gentlemen, you have seen the last of the eighth wondererr of the world. Muhammad retires."

"Nah, nah," rasped Harold Conrad, an adviser to champions for decades, who had put Ali up for three days. "You did that in Manila, you did it in Malaysia. One more you said, always one more. Who would believe you?"

Three days later in exotic Istanbul, Muhammad Ali rattled the world stage

for the second time in a week—the first when he was given a controversial decision over Ken Norton in Yankee Stadium, this second time as he announced with the appropriate dramatic inflection, Wallace Muhammad (head of the Muslims in America) by his side to give it an official imprimatur: "Mark my words, and play what I say right now fully. At the urging of my leader Wallace, I declare I am quitting fighting as of now and from now on I will join in the struggle for the Islamic cause."

The announcement was a last, fitting tremor in a bizarre week in which occurred one of the worst heavyweight title fights in history; in which a champion who had finally become too old was brutally exposed and found to be a fragile mortal like the rest of us; in which a challenger with meager gifts was robbed of his moment by his own head as well as bad advice from his corner. It was a week that saw the arrogant Madison Square Garden put on a truly shabby fight promotion; a week that saw the dark and mean streets around Junkee Stadium



erupt into anarchy and savagery, leading one to contemplate the line of e. e. cummings: "What comma indeed comma is civilization?"

Quite properly, Ali's retirement was received with wide cynicism. Most observers see a grand design behind Ali's words, which seldom indicate what he really feels. They see it this way: Foreman fights Norton for the vacant title, Norton gets beaten (thus removing the stigma of Norton for Ali) and Ali "un-retires" to challenge for the championship a third time, setting up the richest title bout ever. The logic seems sound.

"It's too premature," says Bob Arum, co-promoter with Madison Square Garden, of Ali's announcement. "If the money's right, Ali will fight Foreman." Down in Texas, George Foreman remarks, "I'll only be satisfied when I knock Muhammad Ali out." Then, as an afterthought, he says, "Turkey goes right along with him. He's a turkey."

Others are certain that Ali means what he says. "I had no idea he was going to do this," says Angelo Dundee, who has trained Ali since his fight with Herb Silver back in 1960 in Miami Beach. "Nobody knows what he'll do. He's got me

where I'll take anything that comes. If he makes a statement, I believe him." Says Ali's old promoter, Don King, "He's through. I'm sure of it. He may play with the rest of us, but not with the chief minister, Wallace." Stunned, Joe Frazier, who may well have taken the last bit of greatness out of Ali back on that torrid morning in Manila a year ago, could only say of Ali's quitting, "He did?"

What happened? How did Ali's decision evolve in the space of a couple of hours? Following the Norton fight, there seemed to be a sharp division in Ali's thoughts. For the first time in his life he seemed almost speechless; the words came out softly, timidly, from a man who was looking into the bared teeth of true doubt about himself, about his work, about his future. "I got \$6 million tax free saved up," he said in his dressing room. "Drawin' seven per cent interest. What I gotta keep on fightin' for? Wise for me to get out now. There's nothin' else to prove. This thing is dangerous." The next day at a press conference, sitting next to Norton, he quietly explained why Norton should fight Foreman first before a rematch, then privately said, "None of them niggers want Foreman.

Only this nigger, me, can take him."

A Foreman-Ali match sometime in late spring appeared certain, even after he arrived at the airport in Istanbul. He told reporters that he "will leave boxing after my upcoming bout with George Foreman." He then went to noon prayers with Wallace Muhammad in the Blue Mosque. Next, at a press conference, Wallace turned to Ali and said, "Since he has indicated that he is seriously considering retiring from boxing and taking up the battle for truth, I want to ask him right now to pledge to retire from the ring and use his power—the fist of his tongue instead of the ring—for truth. He has the inspirational power to wake up the slumbering people of this world, and I am asking him now to retire."

Said Ali: "It has been my lifetime dream to become a champion and retire from the ring and then use my influence and fame for Allah. I have many people advising me to retire, and many people advising me to fight a few more times. I do not want to lose a fight, and if I keep boxing I may lose. I may gain much money, but the love of the Moslems and the hearts of my people are more valuable than personal gain. So I am going to stop

continued

Norton, confident that he had beaten Ali and taken the title, was all smiles at the end of the fight—until he heard the judges' surprising verdict.





Despite Norton's clumsiness, Ali's punches had so sting, but his ring wisdom served him well.

HOT THE GREATEST continued

while everyone is happy and I am still winning. This [Wallace] is my leader, this is my spiritual teacher in Islam, and I want to retire anyway. Now he has advised me it will be wise. I have no confusion in my mind."

Perhaps there was only happiness and lucidity in Istanbul, but elsewhere around the world confusion and bad tempers simmered for days, especially among many of the 30,298 who had been at Yankee Stadium. The crowd had not only seen a bad fight, it had heard a decision which—for some fans and much of the press—was equal to the squalidness and general breakdown of law and order inside and outside the Stadium. The decision for Ali—8-7, 8-7, 8-6-1—brought down the sky on him, and outrage, scalding hot, ran from the pages of the press, leaving Ali far from being the "people's champion," leaving him a decidedly unheroic figure. His manager, Herbert Muhammad, may well have been re-examining his often repeated words: "I don't think anything can hurt Ali. He is beyond criticism. He is a legend."

Legends should be allowed to die slow-

ly; at least that is what Ali seemed to want in his dressing room after the fight. But here it was, all the reality of this awful moment smothering him, each question like a knife thrust into his pride as an artist. My God, he seemed to be saying, they're going to strip me down bare right in this room and send me naked into the streets. He mumbled. He swore. He seethed inside. His head was down. Then a question came that released all the pounding hurt inside his head.

"How much longer can you fight with your mouth?" a huge black reporter asked.

"You're an Uncle Tom nigger to ask something like that," Ali snapped.

"I'm askin' you how long you can fight with your mouth," the guy pressed.

"Long enough to whup your black ass," Ali shot back.

Going into this fight, there were two questions—Ali's age and Norton's head—and the worst aspects of both would be confirmed, making it an unforgettable piece of physical art, yet an incidental evening because of the ambiguity of so many rounds. There is no question now that Ali is thorough as a fighter. The hard work, the life and death

of Manila, the endless parade of women provided by the fools close to him, have cut him down. Unlike the Jimmy Young defense, when he obviously was out of shape, there is no excuse for Ali's showing against Norton. He threw only one good combination all night. His jab, which once drained and depressed aggression, was only a nervous flick. But he was in excellent physical condition, and that along with a sure hand on his craft saved him.

Once more, as in his second fight with Ali, Norton's head got in the way. Here he is with a six-round lead going into the ninth, and he seems to unravel ever so slightly; he drops the ninth, and then four of the next six rounds to Ali, who has begun to dance and dictate the course of the fight with vast ring wisdom. Norton pursues ineffectively while Ali hand-fights, keeping Norton off balance, forever lodged in his turtle defense. It is the 11th round, though, when Norton makes his most serious mistake. He elects to parody Ali, to hang on the ropes, to put his hands down, to exchange repartee. How foolish, how insufferably wrongheaded. It is at this point when he should have been his most physical, when abandon and fury were called for, when he should have pushed Ali over the edge with the considerable strength left in his superb body. "Nobody is going to give us a gift against Ali," said Bob Barin, Norton's manager, before the fight.

So they all knew this, Norton and his corner, led by Bill Slayton. Now comes the 15th round, the pivotal round the one that can shove Norton over the top without argument. "We've got to close the show," shouts Angelo Dundee, sending Ali out. "Turn tiger, champ!" Thinking the fight was wrapped up for Norton, Slayton moves him out with instructions not to get careless. The result is that Ali fights for two minutes and 40 seconds, and Norton wakes up the rest of the way. As the round ends, Norton stalks Ali back to his corner, shouting, "I beat you! I beat you!" Led back to his own corner, he leaps for the sky along with Slayton, both of them certain that the title has been won. Shortly, the verdict comes, and Norton, his head wrapped in a towel, is crying uncontrollably, sympathy pours down on him.

Norton got hold of himself later. "I wasn't even tired," he said, "if I thought it was close, I'd have fought back harder and more. When you fight Ali, you're be-

continued

Once again, TV service technicians give these opinions about Zenith:

I. Best Picture.

Again this year, in a nationwide survey of the opinions of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was selected, more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of all the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:

Zenith	34%
Brand A	21%
Brand B	12%
Brand C	8%
Brand D	7%
Brand E	4%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	3%
Brand H	2%
Other Brands	2%
About Equal	10%
Don't Know	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses

II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same opinion survey, the service technicians selected Zenith, more than any other brand, as the color TV needing the fewest repairs.

Question: In general, of all the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:

Zenith	38%
Brand A	18%
Brand C	9%
Brand B	6%
Brand D	5%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Other Brands	2%
About Equal	11%
Don't Know	10%

We're proud of our record of quality. But if it should happen that a Zenith product fails to live up to your expectations, or if you want survey details, write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Avenue, Chicago, IL 60639.



The Celebrity II, Model SH2331X, pictured here. Simulated rosewood with Bermuda Shell white front. Simulated TV picture.

ZENITH
CHROMACOLOR II

The quality goes in before the name goes on.®



On June 28, 1976,
we hid a case of
Canadian Club deep
within a hellish hole
in the earth called
Death Valley.

Here's how you
can find it.



Even rugged bighorns venture into the Valley with trepidation.

The names of Death Valley are names born of despair: Furnace Creek, Lostman Springs, Coffin Canyon, Funeral Mountains. One acrid, brackish pool called Badwater is actually 280 feet below sea level—which is just another way of saying as close to Hell as a man on earth can get.

And somewhere in this desolate jumble of earthquake debris, lava flows, sand dunes and salt flats—the hottest, driest hole in the Western Hemisphere—is hidden a case of the wettest whisky in 87 lands: Canadian Club. If you're up to the adventure, you might try to find it.

A Sober Warning:

Please be warned before you set

out, you'll be trespassing in a world apart. A world where 120° in the shade is common. Where surface temperatures of 190° can melt the rubber soles of your shoes. And your bare hand touching a simple metal tool can mean a painful third degree burn. The fierce desert heat twists and warps reason. Even in this age of "air conditioned comfort," it remains capable of snuffing out the lives of the unwary.



Some Valley residents have had thousands of years to adapt to its desolate conditions.

**Death Valley
Survival Hints**

Your Route to the Treasure:

Head south out of Furnace Creek. Past Badwater. Past Devil's Golf Course. Past Dante's View. South of Saratoga Springs, turn right on the road just outside the boundary of the Death Valley National



The relentless desert sun plays tricks with the camera's eye near Furnace Creek.

Monument. In less than a mile, you'll find an old road that leads straight up into the hills. Soon you'll come to a fork. To the left the old road continues. To the right it becomes a wash. Up that wash is a shady spot where you can rest before starting your

final assault.

While you're sitting there, you'll notice an ancient rock through which centuries of relentless erosion have carved a natural



The actual cave of C.C. being buried 18 inches beneath the desert floor.

hole. Proceed 144 paces up the wash from that rock. Then turn toward the setting sun. Now take thirteen more paces toward that ball of fire that's been trying to drive you out of the Valley all day.

Your Final Reward:

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him at the start. It's obvious you have to knock him out to win. When it's that obvious, you have to think the judges stole it. They made asses out of themselves. The fight speaks for itself."

Ali did not think so: "You got to beat the champ, you gotta whup him! Did he beat me convincingly? I had to beat Joe Frazier twice, Sonny Liston twice, George Foreman.... You can't fight like Jimmy Young. You got to whup the champ! Drop me! Make me fall! Hurt me! Do you think I paid the judges? They never give me anything. I'm not a good American boy. I'm an arrogant nigger. They're white men. They wouldn't give it to me if I didn't win it."

A well-worn bit of sophistry, this use of race, this donning of the martyr's robes when backed against the wall, but Ali must know better, or he is as dumb as some think he truly is. In the past, Ali has always been given the best of it. He was allowed to hold Frazier by the back of the head (55 times) in their second fight. He was given, rightly so, the benefit of doubt in the Young bout. "The only thing the people watch and the judges see," says Slayton, "is what Ali does in the ring. They don't see the other guy." That comment carries much truth, but it is also more than sufficient reason for a challenger to try to rip a title from a champion, to shock judges away from the hypnotic presence of Ali.

What is one to make of the decision? Do you take a title away from an Ali on a one-round difference in 15 muddled rounds? Can a solid case be made for Norton? Those who saw him as the winner believe that no evidence has to be gathered for Norton, pointing out that scoring in the end is the ultimate delinquent, scoring based on number and content of blows, aggression, ring generalship and defense. The trouble is this: How can you score such a bad fight, how can one be so clear in such murky going? Scoring is always imprecise, and in this case it was almost impossible. In a close contest any judgment must be highly subjective. It hinges on tradition (the heavyweight title has changed hands only three times by decision since 1932). It involves sentiment and preference for style and the man—and with Ali, the mystique of the man.

Technically, on hard scoring, I gave the fight to Norton by one round, but it was a troubled 8-7—without real conviction. He was ahead 7-6 at the end of

13 rounds, won the 14th big and ignored the 15th. The 14th and 15th meant the fight for Norton. Two of the judges, Barney Smith and Harold Lederman, gave the 14th to Ali. "They were playing catch-up," says Biron. "They had given too many rounds early on to Norton, and now they were leaning hard into the wind for Ali. In heaven's name, how can you give him the 14th?" Even so, Norton was still alive on both cards going into the 15th; it seemed the officials wanted a dramatic statement from him. "If Norton had started in the first minute of that round," says Lederman, "and started with that right hand, he would have been champion." Arthur Mercante, the referee, says, "Aggression is one thing, but effective aggression is another. A lot of the time Norton was not effective."

If Norton was lethargic, the New York police were useless outside the Stadium, this \$100 million worth of concrete and steel in the West Bronx; it might as well be in the most remote part of New Guinea. On this night the cops chose the Stadium as the scene of a job action over work schedules and deferred raises; hundreds of them, off duty and on duty, turned the night into a holiday for muggers, pickpockets and general marauders. The on-duty cops did nothing except laugh at—and sometimes join—their off-duty colleagues, who were blowing whistles and stopping traffic. Their eyes were

turned away as one saw a man hit over the head and then frisked rapidly while he was on the ground; as one watched an arm reach into a limousine and pull out a necklace; as one looked on while three photographers were robbed of all their equipment; as tickets were stolen right out of hands and women were pawed. It was not a pretty sight.

Nor was it easy on eyes to see Ali on this night. He seemed a pathetic figure, merely a master of illusion, groping with his loss of reflexes; his feet knew precisely where to be, but his hands and mind seemed to be hooked up in some diabolical plot against him. He reminded one of Paul Léautaud, who writes of man's relationship to his body, his image, in his *Journal*. "Damn it all!" he writes, after a woman remarks upon his age. "How impossible it is to see oneself as one really is!" That is much to ask of anyone, and it is no certainty that Ali can do it, either. If he has done it sincerely, looked into that shimmering glass at all that he was and is, if he has retired, then it would be a remarkable triumph of sense over ego. If not, then one wishes he somehow could get a picture of the image left by him in the ring at Yankee Stadium: that of a cat hung by its tail outside a window, trying to stick to the panes of glass with its claws, the sound grating and chilling and the spectacle altogether too cruel.

END

With his championship still intact but his pride wounded, Ali weaves his way to the dressing room.





A STRUGGLE TO STAY IN CONTROL

Leo Loudenslager and his single-wing plane seem out of place in aerobatic contests—until the points are tallied

by BUDD DAVISSON

The northwest corner of New Jersey holds some surprises for those whose impressions of that state have been formed for them by guests on TV talk shows. Surprises like clean air and green and black fields of onions which form a quilted landscape resembling that on the far side of Omaha. Elsewhere, ridges and wooded not-quite-mountains ruffle the countryside and hold the pale morning haze in the depths of their valleys. But here, where New Jersey and New York silently meet in the middle of one of those onion patches, the land is as flat as a tablecloth. And where the land is the flat-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BUDD DAVISSON



As Loudenslager's modified Stephens Airo makes precise dives, climbs and rolls at 180 mph, inside

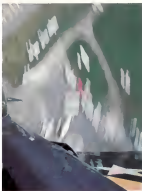


test and the furrows the straightest, is where you are most likely to find Leo Loudenslager.

If he doesn't answer his phone and his hangar door is open, Loudenslager will be up there, 1,000 feet above the fertile earth, rifling through the air in his Stephens Akro, carving the sky into cubes with angles so sharp you could shave on their edges.

Loudenslager, 32, is the U.S. aerobatic champion and the farmers under his practice area have grown to know him, or at least his tiny dark blue plane, well. Two years ago Loudenslager and his new

continued



the tiny cockpit its pilot fights up to 9 Gs force with measured strength—and on occasion, a scream





Loudenslager hopes to repeat as U.S. champion.

wife Suzy moved from Riverside, Conn. to Sussex, N.J. for only one reason: those rectilinear fields are the best area for practicing aerobatics within commuting distance of LaGuardia Airport where, as a commercial airline pilot, Leo flies in a much more subdued manner.

Even on the ground the first impression one has of Loudenslager is that of a man in tight control. He moves quickly, on the balls of his feet, like a hurdler or maybe a karate master. His hair is unfashionably short, even for an airline pilot, and his conversation is articulate but economical. Little of Loudenslager's personality is in the mold of past aerobatic champions. Almost to a man, they have been outgoing, gregarious individuals, possessed of what writers like to label "charisma." Tom Poberezny, the 1973 national champion, who began competing at the same time as Loudenslager—1971—says of the fledgling aerobat, "It wasn't that Leo was exactly unfriendly. He was pure business and didn't say a word to anybody. He was extremely hard to get to know."

Leo Loudenslager doesn't fit the mold in a lot of ways besides personal intensity. For one thing, he grew up in Columbus, Ohio and it is common knowledge that if you aren't from the South (or maybe California or Wisconsin), you can't fly aerobatics. Moreover, Loudenslager's airplane isn't a biplane.

From the beginning of his career, Loudenslager made it clear to the cliché

world of aerobatics that he would be doing things his way, and one of the key ingredients of "his way" is flying a monoplane. That was a radical decision because biplanes—specifically the Pitts Special—ruled the aerobatic roost in this country.

When Loudenslager showed up at the national contest in 1971, he had previously flown in only one other aerobatic event and didn't intend to enter the advanced category. But he changed his mind at the last minute and decided to bite off the biggest chunk first by leaping right into unlimited competition to slug it out with the proved winners. He says, "Those two practice weeks leading into that contest were the worst of my life." Loudenslager doesn't use hyperbole and he doesn't smile at the recollection. "I was scared, the plane was very unstable in some maneuvers and I was flying so hard and pulling so many negative Gs that the broken blood vessels in my eyes made them look like a rabbit's. I thought I was dying."

He didn't fly as badly as he felt because he came in ninth in a 14-man field, an amazing feat for a rookie in an unproved design. In 1975, after four years of cut-and-try development on the airplane, Loudenslager and his much modified Stephens Akró became national champions, unseating the Pitts after an eight-year reign. This month, at Sherman, Texas, Loudenslager will be trying to become the third pilot to win back-to-back national titles.

Much of Loudenslager's success has been the result of a brand of discipline that overlaps everything he does, from maintaining his weight at 160 pounds to working long nights on his airplane. He needed all the discipline he could muster when, seven months before the 1975 nationals, he discovered a cracked main spar in the wing of his plane. There was no way to repair it to his satisfaction; the only solution was to build an entirely new wing. Loudenslager took this opportunity to make massive modifications in the airframe. So, with his chances of winning the title and also making the U.S. squad that would be traveling to Kiev for the world championships this past July hanging in the balance, Loudenslager and his partner, Jim Roberts, closed their lives to the rest of the world and proceeded to build what was essentially a new airplane. The effort was worth it. Loudenslager scored

19,657 points at the nationals to beat his nearest rival, Henry Haigh, who flew a Pitts, by 106 points.

Still, in terms of motivation, Loudenslager is not unique in his sport. Drs. Bruce Ogilvie and Champe Poole, the team that did psychological profiles of hundreds of successful athletes in many different sports, have characterized aerobatic pilots as "... ambitious, organized, autonomous, with unusual capacity to apply themselves over long periods ... a collection of extremely driven men." They would have to be driven men to throw themselves so completely into a sport that ranks with frog jumping for obscurity and financial rewards and combines the physical punishment of a torture chamber with the cost of Formula 1 racing.

"It used to be I'd be pushing the nose under into a maneuver needing high negative Gs and I'd hear myself beginning to whimper from the pain," Loudenslager says. "I'd keep telling myself I'd do just one more maneuver and then I'd come down. Some days I'd keep saying that through 150 maneuvers."

There are few sports that exercise every muscle in the body, eyelids to ankles, as does aerobatics. In a pull-up to do a vertical roll, a pilot may have 8 Gs grinding him into his seat, making it impossible for him even to lift his hand. Under those kinds of forces there is no part of the pilot's body that isn't being stretched and strained to the limit. Blood is being drained from his head, and in order to slow its downward rush many aerobatic pilots will tighten their neck muscles by screaming as loud as they can. The average person begins to lose his vision at 4 Gs positive, at 6 Gs most are blind from the loss of blood in the optic system, but every time a pilot like Loudenslager goes up he routinely pulls 8 and 9 Gs and still threads invisible needles with his airplane.

However, the force that separates the men from the supermen is the negative Gs that occur during "outside" maneuvers, those that throw the pilot against his belt and threaten to cram all his innards into his cranial cavity. There is no cute little isometric trick to slow this process or ease the pain.

"The maneuver that hurts the most," says Loudenslager, "is the vertical outside snap roll." This is done flying straight up at near terminal speed (210 mph). At the apex the airplane is put into a vi-

continued



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olent roll. "I pull maybe 8 Gs positive going up and all the blood is on the way down. Then bang! The plane goes into its roll and suddenly it feels as if my head is going to come off. The pressure is beyond description. I'm looking out at the wing tip when I do the maneuver, so my inner ear and neck muscles are 90 degrees to my body. For a second, as everything is flashing past, my throat is being filled with lungs and stomach. It would be easy for me to lose orientation. If I do, I won't have the slightest idea where to stop the maneuver."

As one watches the airplane perform, knifeing cleanly up and down, making perfect vertical and 45-degree lines to the horizon, none of the pain of the creative process is evident. The maneuver is so beautiful it is easy for a spectator to forget that inside that speeding projectile is a man clawing to maintain control, knowing that only a few hundred feet away the ground is the final boundary of his margin of error.

Despite the fact that nearly 750,000 noncommercial pilots are registered in the U.S., this country did not become a contender in international aerobatics competition until the late '60s. But with the development of a strong American team, the biannual world contests have taken on a decidedly East vs. West flavor. At Hullavington, England in 1970 Bob Herendeen, then U.S. champion, was in the process of battling it out nose to nose with Igor Egorov of the Soviet Union when an engine failure and rules interpretations caused him to be penalized and reduced to second overall. The Russian came in first. In 1972 at Salon, France, the U.S. won the team competition, and Charlie Hillard, a Ford dealer from Fort Worth, became the first American world champion.

Still, the lack of money and recognition has sometimes been an embarrassment for the U.S. team. In 1974 Poland was originally scheduled to hold the world contest but bowed out, making it America's turn. But U.S. aerobatic buffs couldn't come up with the required million dollars to host the event and it was canceled.

Says Loudenslager, "Our primary problem has always been one of money. We think we can bring home the bacon if we get to the contests, but sometimes we wonder if we are going to have to walk to do it." The extent of the U.S. team's financial bind is probably best

seen in the fact that it was transported across the Atlantic for this summer's world contest by a German airline because it offered the best price.

Other teams, especially those from the Eastern bloc, don't have such problems. The Russians, for instance, completely subsidize their team. Its members are given jobs that allow them to practice daily and the YAK-50 airplanes they fly are owned, designed, built and supported by the government. This is in contrast to the U.S., where, in 1972, national champion Herendeen couldn't fly with the national team at the world championship because his employer, an airline, refused to grant him a leave of absence.

Considering how Loudenslager and the five other members of the U.S. national team fared in Kiev, perhaps Herendeen's experience would have been a blessing this year. "The officiating was something you had to see to believe," says Don Taylor, the U.S. member of the judging panel. "Besides obvious favoritism toward Russian and other Eastern-bloc pilots, the flagrant coercion, scheming and collusion of the Eastern judges was absolutely unreal. For instance, on the four-minute exercise, the runner carrying the completed score sheets to the tent for tallying would first show them to the Russian judge. He would review the scores the other judges had given before marking down his own. That's pretty open cheating."

"When I came down from the first flight, I thought I'd flown a good flight, not perfect maybe, but good," says Loudenslager. "I was absolutely floored when I came in 20th."

Among the more obvious areas in which the Russians seemed inclined to bend the rules was in judging the boundaries of the "box," the 1,000 x 800-meter area in which all maneuvers must be performed during competition at altitudes not less than 100 meters nor more than 1,000. All of the boundary judges were Soviets during the 10-day contest and Loudenslager, who was judged out of the box twice during the first of his three flights, says, "I know for a fact that at least one of those outs was a phony. I was going straight down at the time, so I could see the boundary marker. I was at least 250 feet inside."

James Black, a member of the British team and chairman of the international body that governs aerobatic flying, says, "Our people walked out to the box

boundaries and watched Russian pilots leaving the box repeatedly without being properly penalized. Eventually we found we could buy better treatment from the box judges by offering them chewing gum."

"The environment got to me," says Loudenslager. "The food was marginal, the people surly, the field terrible and my low score on the first flight convinced me the judges weren't competent. The whole thing looked so futile I just couldn't get up for the second flight and it showed. I was just going through the motions. But my third flight was good. I felt great about it and the German champ raved on how it was the best flight he'd ever seen in competition. On the same sequence Russia's Igor Egorov zeroed two maneuvers, enough to take him right out of the running. On that flight I was placed 20th again, Egorov was 29th."

"There was absolutely no way anybody but the Russians were going to win," Loudenslager says and shakes his head thinking about the U.S.' fourth-place finish in a field of 15. "It's really too bad they had to cheat because their pilots were good enough to give us a run for our money without any help from the judges."

The pressure of the world contest behind him, Loudenslager now faces the never-ending problem of all champions—staying on top. In Sherman, Texas he will have to prove once again that he is the best in the U.S.

"Right now, there are at least three of us who are a whisker away from being equal," he says. "The man who is most likely to beat me is Hagih. He's a heck of a pilot and he showed in Kiev that his modified Pitts is nearly a match for my plane. Clint McHenry has a lot of time in his new 'T' model Pitts and even though he vowed never to compete again after the debacle in Russia, he'll probably be at Sherman and he could easily wax us all. And then there's Bill Thomas, he's always in there at the top if any of us should stub our toes."

At 180 mph, with 8 Gs hauling on his every move, it takes only a flick of an eye for a pilot to lose enough points to trade the lead for a position far down in the pack. Control is everything, and even in the elite company of "extremely driven men" who will be trying to wrest his championship from him, few expect Leo Loudenslager to lose control for even a blink of an eye.

END

BEWARE OF FLAT-FOOTED PEOPLE WITH GARLIC BREATH

Despite his imperfections, odoriferous or otherwise, the NFL's worst composite physical specimen is a Hall of Fame candidate
by **GEORGE FLIMPTON** and **BILL CURRY**

I can't remember when we began to construct our composite of the National Football League's worst physical specimen—last year a few miles out of Hobart, Ind., I think. Bill Curry was at the wheel. We were driving up to Green Bay, Wis., where Curry was to report to the Packers' training camp, trying to make it where 10 years before he had started his career as a center. (He didn't and now is an assistant coach at Georgia Tech.) He had asked me along for the ride. He was worried about his knee, which he had injured badly when he was with the Houston Oilers in 1973—there was a pin through it and it bore a curved white scar—and we got to talking about great athletes who had succeeded in the NFL despite physical limitations.

"Look at your old pal Alex Karras," Curry said. "The amazing thing about his great play as a Lion tackle was that he couldn't see what he was doing... worst pair of eyes in the NFL. He got to the quarterback by the touch system."

"He refused to wear contact lenses," I recalled. "He tried them once and didn't like what he saw out there on the playing field. He told me that he had come off the field with the defensive unit and sat down on the bench next to Bill Swain, the linebacker, who it turned out had just lost his contact lenses. They joked about

it. 'Hey, do you think we're facing in the right direction?' Karras said."

Curry laughed. "Yes, you'd have to give Karras the vote for the worst eyes."

I told Curry that Karras had once told me who had the worst breath in the NFL.

"What?"

"The worst breath. It belonged to an Italian who played in the line for Los Angeles—Joe Scibelli. Karras said that in his first few NFL seasons Scibelli used to eat something awful on purpose before games and relied very heavily on his bad breath until, of course, he developed into a great player. Then he didn't have to breathe on people that much."

"Well, I tell you who had the worst feet," Curry said. "The worst feet I ever saw in my life belonged to Bubba Smith. They're about 23 inches long and sort of cone-shaped. Remember those pointy-toed shoes that people wore years ago? Well, Bubba's feet were made for those... they'd just slide right in there. He has yellow toenails that crumble under, and they're all wrinkled and just *horrid* looking. Both feet are perfectly flat; he has no arch whatsoever. He just stands flat down on the floor."

We drove for a while until the steady consideration of Bubba Smith's feet got to me and I said, "Let's move on up the body. Who had the worst calves?"

Curry said, "Well, the worst calves I ever saw—and you'll remember I only speak from experience with four NFL teams (Baltimore, Green Bay, Houston and Los Angeles)—belong to Rick Volk, who played safety for the Colts when I was with them. It was obvious from the day he got to the Colts that somebody had 'rustled his calves.'"

I made an appropriate snort of dismay; Curry apologized and continued about Volk: "He had a powerfully built upper body... with a face straight out of the Vienna Choir Boys; you'd expect to see him with one of those little candle-snuffers that acolytes carry. But he's never had any calves! We got on him about it. The only thing he could counter with was 'Have you ever seen a thoroughbred with big calves?' That was the best he could do."

"What about knees?" I asked. I remembered Gil Mains, a Detroit Lions tackle I'd known who had been hurt in a game against San Francisco and whose knee looked as though a pillow had been sewn into it.

"Billy Ray Smith of the Colts had one of the really bad knees," Curry was saying. "He tore it all to pieces early in his career with Pittsburgh. Buddy Parker, the coach of the Steelers, accused him of being chicken. So he went ahead and

CONTINUED



Arno
Roth.

played on it. It is so bad that his scar stretches from the top of his thigh across his knee and down around his calf, where the ligaments were rebuilt with tissue removed from the outside part of his leg. He was told that not only would he never play again, he'd be fortunate if he walked again. He went on to play 11 more years in the National Football League after that.

"But I guess Tar Anderson, who played tight end for St. Louis and Atlanta, really had the worst knees in captivity. He had 10 knee operations; they'd taken so much out that the last time they went in they actually found a metal clamp that somebody had left... one of the doctors along the way."

"It isn't easy to talk about knees," I said.

Curry shrugged. "The pain is always there, but it's not gruesome, and it doesn't keep you from functioning," he said, thinking of his own damaged knee.

"What about thighs?" I asked, to change the subject.

Curry shifted in his seat. "This is painful," he said. "I've probably got the worst thighs of any NFL player. People meet me. 'This is Bill Curry. He played center for the Baltimore Colts.' They're impressed. But if I happen to have on shorts and they look at my legs, they get this real suspicious look. I just don't have big thighs. Never have."

"Do you know the Ronald Searle caricatures?" I asked. "The long thin legs and the tanklike bodies on top?"

"I hadn't thought of myself quite that way."

"What about hips?" I asked.

"Worst hips go to Don Shinnick," Curry said. "Shinnick did not have any hips. Do you know about him?"

"No," I admitted.

"He played linebacker with us on the Colts. He's practically a composite in himself. Shinnick had the worst body in the history of the world. His lower stomach protruded; his chest had fallen early in life; his shoulders sloped down to hairy arms that reached below his knees. He not only has this bad body, but, heck, he has a bad *zand*... as witness that he's now a defensive coach for the Oakland Raiders. But Shinnick did things like... one day Gale Sayers of the Bears broke clear and was running for a touchdown, while Shinnick was in his normal position—seated on his rear. He was looking downfield, like a man on a beach staring

out to sea. In the films you could see him; he raised his right hand very carefully and with his forefinger he fired at Sayers all the way down the field like this—Bang! Bang! Bang! That actually happened. The coaches ran the film over and over, unbelieving. Shinnick missed, though Sayers went in for the touchdown.

"Another thing that happened... the year before I joined the Colts, Shinnick was in a game against the Atlanta Falcons. On this one particular play there was a turnover, a fumble or something, and the Falcons got the ball. They called a sweep, and immediately ran for about 10 or 15 yards. Shinnick was on the sidelines jumping up and down and screaming: 'Come on, let's go! Let's go! What's wrong? Let's go! Let's pick it up out there! Don't let 'em run like that!' Somebody finally said, 'Shinnick, they just ran around your side. You're supposed to be in the game! We're playing a man short.'"

Curry gave me a look. "The thing about Shinnick stories," he said, "is that you're better off telling lies about him because nobody believes the truth. Listen to this one. In 1968 we were in Yankee

This article has been adapted from "One More July," by George Plimpton and Bill Curry, to be published next spring by Harper & Row.

Stadium against the Giants. Shinnick had pulled a hamstring muscle—which was understandable because it was the only muscle in that body of his. But he had been healing for about four weeks, and Don Shula wanted to give him a little play so he'd be ready for the playoffs. We were beating the Giants pretty bad. Shinnick didn't know he was going to be put in the game. With about four minutes left to play, Shula looked down the bench and he called out, 'Shinnick! Shinnick, get ready!'

"Well, Shinnick was standing there, having undone the belt buckle on his football pants and put the belt through his headgear—behind the bar of his face mask—and then buckled it back together so that he wouldn't have to hold the headgear. It was hanging there in front of him off his belt. He had a warm-up jacket on and he was eating a sandwich, standing there in the sun enjoying the game. When Shula began to yell, he stripped off his jacket. As he ran onto the field he was trying to get his helmet

off the belt without dropping his pants in front of 63,000 people. When he got to the line, the Giants were just breaking the huddle. He got the defensive assignment from the middle linebacker, and as he lined up in front of the tight end, he discovered to his horror that he was still holding the sandwich in his hand. He turned and handed it to Roy Hilton, the defensive end. Roy turned next door and stuck it in Freddy Miller's hand. Why Freddy didn't just throw it on the ground, I don't know, but with one hand down in his stance, he reached out with the other to try to hand the sandwich to the referee. The referee stood there, you know, with his mouth hanging open. The play began, and I don't remember what happened after that. Maybe Freddy ate it."

"How good a player was Shinnick?" I asked. I didn't understand how anyone like that could survive in the NFL.

"It was crazy," Curry said, "but Shinnick was usually among the leaders in interceptions, mostly because he was in the wrong place at the right time. A quarterback would read the defense perfectly, set up to throw where there had to be an open man, and there, as if a 12th player had materialized, would be the grotesque figure of Shinnick. He gambled and he improvised, but it paid off."

"What about stomachs," I asked. "Whose stomach would we have?"

"Stomachs," Curry reflected. "Highly competitive area here, though when I came in the league in 1965 it was fashionable to have a flat stomach. Vince Lombardi once said that he'd never seen a mean fat guy and certainly he wouldn't tolerate any fat people on his team. On the Packers Ron Kostelnik had a tendency to balloon up, and so did a guard named Dan Gramm. Before weigh-ins (they'd get fined if they were overweight), they wouldn't eat for two days and they'd step up on the scales, these troubled men with their eyes deep back in their heads, and afterward they'd sprint for their lockers where they'd wolf down a couple of apples they'd hidden back there—just lean back and drop them down their throats like pills."

"Their fat problem possessed them, like people in love, and they were always tinkering with ways to solve it. John Mackey of the Colts, who also tended to balloon, used to scout scales beforehand, he'd find that if he stood on the left-hand corner he'd weigh a third of a pound less.

continued

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And then he'd get a teammate to stand alongside him on the opposite side of the coach who was weighing him in, and this guy, just at the right moment, would lift Mackey up with a finger under his elbow... they rehearsed all this beforehand, doing it very quickly and subtly... and the scale would read 220. If John Sandusky, who was the coach handling the weigh-in, was in a good mood, he'd say, "O.K., Mackey, 220," but if Sandusky was testy that day he'd make Mackey stand in the middle of the scale, and he'd move everyone back; John would weigh 222 and he'd pay a fine."

"The largest football player I ever saw was Roger Brown of the Lions," I said. "Three hundred pounds. After practice the coaches would send him out to run off the fat. He wore leatherlike sweat suits and he'd run through the sprinkler systems set out on the practice fields to keep cool, and you could hear the wet suit slapping against his skin."

"Damn, I never saw him fat," Curry said. "Actually, you don't look across the line and see fat people. Brown's weight was concentrated in those enormous thighs of his. Tree trunks. The first time I ever saw him, I came up on the ball from our huddle and I looked to the right and left; all I could see was Brown. He filled my field of vision. Once again I wondered if I was really suited for this business."

I said that Brown had once told me the nicest part of football was a bath with Epsom salts that his wife prepared for him after a game. He would ease himself into it and groan with pleasure. I had always imagined, because he was so big, that all that was required was a couple of pails of water in the bottom of the tub, and it would flow around him up to his chin when he squeezed himself in.

Curry suddenly snapped his fingers. "I know who had a huge stomach. John Williams! He used to be with the Colts but now he's with the Rams. It belied away! Oh yes. Big protruding abdomens. But actually he had an excuse for it. He said it was due to a congenital defect he had in his back. The coaches would look at him and shake their heads, and he'd say, 'Coach, I'm not overweight. I'm just swaybacked.'" Curry laughed. "Great football player... but a very odd body."

"What about the chest?" I asked. "That's next."

"Shinnick again," Curry said. "He

didn't have a chest. He had a breastbone but no chest. He didn't have a neck either. We called him No-Neck. So he takes care of the entire upper torso of our composite."

"What about a football mind?" I asked. "Who was splendidly deficient in that department?"

Curry thought for a while and then he said, "Well, Allen Jacobs, bless his heart, had great football ability but not much football sense. He ended being traded from Green Bay to the New York Giants. He was a fullback, and very strong... built like Jimmy Taylor, just a real powerful kid, but he kept running into his own people and smashing them around. He studied his plays all night long, but then he'd get flustered. When Lombardi screamed at him, he'd get very uptight and he'd contract, and shrink, and what he'd learned was just squeezed out of his head. He'd get the general idea, but then on a reverse play he'd run over the quarterback who was handing him the ball, just crush him, and then he'd run down his interference and step on Jerry Kramer or Fuzzy Thurston, his own teammates, and knock them down and bowl them over; but then, because he had such a lot of talent, he'd run over a couple of linebackers and a safety. He'd come back to the huddle shaking his head, and even Lombardi couldn't jump on him. It tickled Lombardi. He'd shake his head and remark that Jacobs would be considered his best offensive asset if he didn't destroy so many of the offensive platoon as he went along."

"I'll tell you another one," Curry said, "and you'll appreciate this from your time with the Colts. Glenn Ressler, great offensive guard. He was a dean's list student at Penn State and yet never could remember the snap count. Unitas always gave it as the last item in his play call in the huddle, but almost instantaneously Glenn would forget it. On the way up to the line of scrimmage he'd bump into me and ask, 'What's the snap count?' 'Two,' I'd whisper. This happened about 25 times a game, and it went on for six years. I'd say, 'Dammit, Glenn, listen,' and in the huddle he'd give me this big wink and smirk to let me know that this time he was really going to concentrate and remember. But then on the way up he'd lean in and say, 'Hey, what's the snap count?' After four years of this, in a game in which we were far ahead of the Pittsburgh Steelers, Ressler came up

continued

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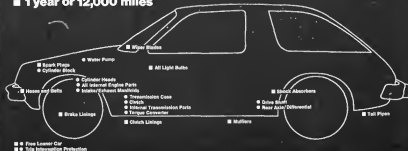


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ALL-WORST continued

and whispered, "What's the snap count?" I said, "I don't know." He was frantic. "Jeezus, come on, tell me," he said, because if an offensive man doesn't know when the center is going to snap the ball he's going to get clobbered by the man opposite. Ressler must have been smoked by Ben McGee, a big old tough guy who played defensive end for the Steelers, because he was cussing me when we were up on the line. I remember that. I could hear his cussing, along with the quarterback's signal."

I leaned back and considered our composite. "That's an awful specimen we've put together," I said.

"But it's worth mentioning," Curry said, "that you could send our composite out on the field—Bubba's feet, Volk's calves, Anderson's knees, my thighs, Williams' stomach, Shinnick's chest, Scibelli's bad breath, Karras' eyesight, Jacobs' football sense and so forth—and you might have a helluva football player out there. It's surprising how often an oddly conformed player can be a superb athlete. Take Ted Hendricks, the Mad Stork, who played for us in Baltimore, and is now with Oakland. Six feet seven inches tall, and only 220 pounds. He was Baltimore's second draft choice from the University of Miami in 1969, and when he arrived in training camp we all said there's no place in our business for a guy built like that. He'd get killed. He looked like a series of toothpicks, all those long popelike extremities. But then you began to see people working against him. It was as though they were running into a wrought-iron structure like a playground jungle gym, which looks delicate, but of course isn't, and these guys would skim into the Stork and sort of slide off him to the ground. When he moved, it seemed very slow, like you could stand around and watch this strange creature try to put one foot in front of the other, but then he'd be by you, flapping at the quarterback with those long, whippy, macaroni arms. He's the best outside linebacker in the business."

"So there's hope for us," I said.

"What's that?" Curry asked.

"I mean for those of us who are not perfect physical specimens."

Curry laughed. "Anyone interested in playing football who looks in the mirror and doesn't especially like what he's looking at shouldn't worry. After all, he might have a really awesome bad breath to start work with. There's always hope." **END**

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THE ELUSIVE BEGINNING

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To muddle things even more, they didn't hold a post-season match in 1904 at all.

Here's what happened:

The Boston Americans were leading their league in August of 1903, so they issued a challenge to the Pittsburgh Pirates, who were on top in the National. The Pirates accepted, and the presidents of both clubs agreed to split the purse, with each club working out the deal with its players.

Boston won, five games to three. Most of the early day experts agreed that Boston's denser pitching staff was the major reason. You see, they had two hurlers and Pittsburgh had only *Deacon Phillippe*.

One of the Boston pitchers, *Bill Dinneen*, was the hero of the first post-season get-together as he won

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HONUS WAGNER



three games, two of them shutouts. His teammate, Cy Young, won the other two and relieved early in the third game.

Honus Wagner, the great Pittsburgh shortstop and league batting champion, was stopped in the Series with a .222 and *Jimmy Sebring* of the Pirates hit the World Series' first home run, significantly off Cy Young.

Boston, inspired by its victory in the 1903 encounter—and by then accustomed to offering challenges—sent a bid the following August to John McGraw's New York Giants, who were leading the

National League. The fiery McGraw said simply "no." Then added, "Why, they're nothing but a bunch of damn bush leaguers." There was no Series in 1904 because Boston had no one to play.]

By 1905 the leagues had organized and rules governing post-season play had been formulated. As the rules prescribed, McGraw's Giants took on Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. Later years were to see these two managers compete against each other two times. Individually their teams appeared in 17 World Series.

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the Giants, who won in five games. Pre-Series anticipation among fans was great because it was to afford them a chance to see the two greatest pitchers in baseball at the time, *Christy Mathewson* of the Giants against *Rube Waddell* of the As. But fate stepped in and Waddell was injured in some locker room hijinks and he didn't see Series action at all. Mathewson won three games, all of them by shut-outs. *Chief Bender* scored the As' lone victory.

The record books and most fans forget that there were post-season games that pre-dated even the 1903



CHRISTY MATHEWSON

encounter. Way back in 1884, Providence, who had won the National League, which was then eight years old (the American League was still 17 years away from formulation), challenged the New York Metropolitans, winners of the American Association, to a "championship of the world." They played all three games at the Polo Grounds and Providence won them all.

Men were men in those days. Mighty men. For example, Charles (Old Hoss) Radbourn, who had pitched 27 consecutive games during the season,



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winning all but one, pitched every inning of that series for Providence, and he allowed only three runs in the entire set.

The 1884 affair was about as informal as the 1903 one. The Providence manager thought he had the best team in baseball so he went looking for whom he thought might be a worthy opponent. New York of the Association was it. They continued the League and Association event for six years.

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out was to throw the ball at him. Perhaps it was where the term "picking off a runner" was born.

The pitcher had a particularly tough time of it. A batter, for instance, had the right to demand a high ball or a low one, and simply didn't have to swing at anything that didn't please him. It meant that a pitcher might throw 50 balls to a batter before he either got him out or he got a hit. Or the pitcher's arm fell off.

You can imagine the frenzy among the rules committee when William Arthur Cummins of the Brook-

lyn Excelsiors and Edmund Davis of Princeton developed the curve ball. The committee immediately outlawed the pitch and directed that the pitcher must throw with a straight arm swipe. It wasn't until 1884 that most pitching restrictions were removed. And by 1895 the unlimited fouling rule was stricken from the rules book. More outstanding pitchers emerged after that.

Pitchers were again the topic of a rules change in 1908 when they were forbidden to "soil" new balls. But it was 1920 before the spitball was banned. And even then it was a democratic move: The three



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pitchers in baseball who were "earning their living" with the spitball were allowed to continue, but no newcomers could begin a career with that pitch. Burleigh Grimes, who later became manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, was the last to legally throw the spitball.

THE HEROES

Regular season greats like *Home Run Baker*, *Eddie Collins*, *Lou Gehrig*, *Pee Wee Reese*, *Joe Dimaggio* and *Mickey Mantle* had outstanding Series records, but one super star in particular stands out in the record books—*Babe Ruth*. The Bambino still holds a handful of batting and slugging records, but most have forgotten that he also made an enviable mark as a *pitcher*.

Ruth pitched three games in the 1916 and 1918 Series for the Boston Red Sox and won them all.

Traditionally pitchers have offered a breathing spot to opposing hurlers, a place in the batting order where the pitcher on the mound can relax a bit. Not so with the Babe. Even then, opposing hurlers knew



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that he was as dangerous at the plate as he was on the mound.

Ruth the hitter actually excelled by Ruth the pitcher in the record books. Even though he still holds the slugging record at .744 and a bunch of home run records, there were times when he went hitless in a game. Everyone has. But there was never a time when he failed to win a Series game he started.

His first Series victory was one of the toughest in the history of the sport. He pitched the longest post-season game on record, beating the Brooklyn Dodgers, 2-1, in 14 innings in the 1916 Series. Following two tough innings where he gave up a home run to Hi Meyers in the first and a series of hits in the second, he buckled down and pitched 12 scoreless innings in a game that reportedly demoralized the Dodgers and enabled Boston to clinch the Series in five games.

Babe again took to the mound in the 1918 Series, after limiting the Athletics to three hits in the game that clinched the flag a few days earlier. He also boomed a double in that final game to help his teammates squeak into the Series.



1916 WORLD SERIES



1916 WORLD SERIES

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or correct settings for accurately metered exposures. The full-information finder makes focusing fast and easy, even in dim light.

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YASHICA
FR

BABE RUTH



ED BARROW



JACOB RUPPERT



JOE BUSH



CARL MAYS

Ruth's pitching mates were Bullet Joe Bush, Sad Sam Jones and Carl Mays. His great popularity was epitomized by the *New York Times* in a pre-Series story:

"Ruth is a great personality on the ball field. A giant in stature, resolute in purpose and with a wonderful single-track brain, he represents the ideal athlete for competitive effort under strain. Bush and Mays are not Ruth's equal in temperament."

The yet to fully develop slugging great, pitched twice in the 1918 Series and was scheduled to play left field in the remainder of the games because of his strong bat. He won the first and fourth games but played in the outfield in only the sixth because Chicago was a tougher opponent than anybody had expected and the Boston manager Ed Barrow decided to save him for the mound.

Ruth had been shifted to the outfield for the regular season play that year and had tied for the home run championship, but Barrow elected to start him on the mound for the opening game, reasoning that he could call on both of Ruth's talents from that position. The Babe handcuffed the Cubs in a splendid

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NOTE TO PHYSICIANS

The complete report mentioned
above was published in the "Journal
of The American Dietetic Association"
Volume 62, February 1973.

Ask your doctor.

1-0 victory and in the fourth game he pitched seven and one-third scoreless innings before giving up two runs in the eighth. In the fourth inning he drove in two runs with a triple.

It was his final appearance in World Series play as a pitcher but it had given him a total of 29 $\frac{2}{3}$ innings of scoreless pitching, a record that stood until 1961 when Whitey Ford topped it.

Ruth was removed from the mound in the ninth inning but he didn't go to the showers. He went straight to left field, where he remained for the rest

of the game and the rest of his career. What he did there, particularly after he joined the New York Yankees in 1920, will be the talk of the baseball world as long as there is a game.

A TOUCH OF SCIENCE

The "Murderer's Row" Yankees of the 20s, the Cardinals and their "Gashouse Gang" of the 30s and the "Whiz Kid" Phillies of the 50s all played brilliant and sometimes scientific baseball. But it was at a much earlier time that the *science* was first added

1927 YANKEES



1934 CARDINALS



1950 PHILLIES



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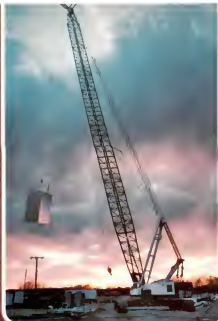
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CLARK



to the game. In fact, it was in the 1890s that the Baltimore Orioles moved the game from a catch-as-catch-can affair to a tactical one.

Mugsy (John) McGraw and Wee Willie (William Henry) Keeler were the fastest men on the Baltimore team so it was only natural that they would use the bunt. As other teams built a defense against the bunt, the duo invented the half-punch swing, which sent the ball just over the heads of the infielders who were playing in for the shorter hit.

By the time the confused opponents of the Orioles had developed a defense for *both*, Baltimore had relegated the bunt to a sacrifice measure and moved on to other tactics.

Historians claim that the Oriole team members laid awake at night, thinking up new tactics. A brawling bunch, as well as scientific, they all did what was necessary to win. Hughie Jennings, for example, had a reputation of being able to hit or be hit. The left side of his body was constantly black and blue where he had stopped what the best opposing pitchers had to offer, when it became absolutely necessary for him to get on base.

WEE WILLIE KEELER



BALTIMORE ORIOLES



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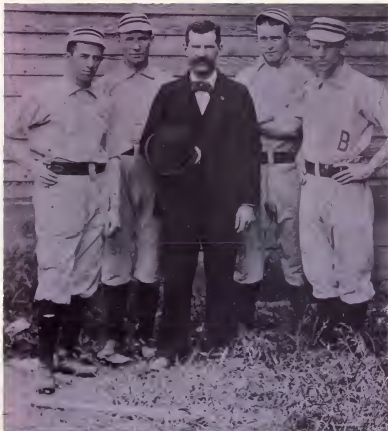
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It was in this period that the unlimited foul rule was in effect for batters and it was McGraw who developed a process of sliding pitches off his bat until a pitcher became either distracted or weakened and served up a fourth ball for a walk.

This same Oriole team is also credited with developing the hit-and-run play.

They were a zany group as evidenced by "Sadie" MacMahon, a pitcher who constantly pitched three straight balls to get the batter off guard so he could strike him out.

It was an interesting blend of science and lunacy and was certainly the earliest "wonder team" in baseball history.

THE GOATS

For each hero in a series there has been a counterpart who often has been dubbed "goat." Some of them have been stars in regular season play; a few of these goats still grace the record books for great *positive* feats as well.



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A lot of motorcycle dealers are strictly businessmen at heart. If they thought they could make a bigger buck selling washing machines, they'd be into washing machines tomorrow.

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Sometimes it was an entire team that goofed. The 1903 Pirates, champions of the National League, committed 18 errors in the Series, a record, which lasted only six years, because Detroit boo-boomed 19 times in the 1909 Series. But Pittsburgh was not to be outdone by the Tigers. They recorded six errors in one game of the 1909 Series and Pirate first baseman Bill Abstein picked up five all by himself in the Series. That was good until 1925 when Washington shortstop, Roger Peckinpaugh, misused a total of eight times in the Series.

The first unfortunate act of individual ineptness came in 1912 when a stellar outfielder, Fred Snodgrass, dropped an easy fly ball that not only cost his team the game but the Series as well. Nobody remembers the outstanding catch he made in the following inning. They only recall his goof. Such is the making of goats.

The fans, even a season later, didn't remember Snodgrass teammate Fred Merkle, who stood and watched as a fly ball dropped at his feet. But they remembered Snodgrass. A few years later Merkle officially entered the Goat Hall of Fame (and earned the sobriquet of "Bonehead" as well) as he neglected



BILL ABSTEIN

FRED MERKLE

A man and a woman in formal attire (tuxedo and black dress) are shown from the chest up, holding glasses of champagne. They are looking at each other and smiling. The background is dark and moody.

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ro touch second base after belting what might have been the winning run of the Series game.

There have been greas of the most super sature who have done poorly in Series play, perhaps not to the point of being called goats, but badly enough that their teams suffered by their lack of performance. Both Ty Cobb, the legendary hitter, and Christy Mathewson, perhaps the greatest pitcher of all time, failed in the 1911 Series. After winning three games in 1905 Mathewson came back with a double loss in 1911. He also made a mistake when he publically critized Rube Marquard's pitch to Home Run Baker in the second game, a pitch which cost the Giants the game. The following day Mathewson served up a pitch that he thought would do the trick and Baker knocked it out of the park and won another game.

The 1917 Series produced Bill Rariden as the goat. Heinie Zimmerman, who was noted as a slow and sometimes stumbling base-runner, had rapped Eddie Collins off base. Collins, the fastest runner in either league, raced for home with Zimmerman lumbering after him, ball in hand, all the way to home plate, because the catcher Rariden was out of position.



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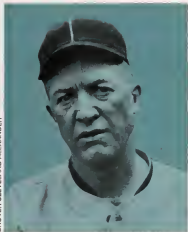


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GROVER CLEVELAND ALEXANDER



There have been times when a goat and hero have been born with the same pitch. In the 1926 Series between the Yankees and Cardinals, things were going well in the seventh game for the New Yorkers. The bases were loaded with two outs and the mighty Tony Lazzeri at bat. The Cardinals called on the legendary Grover Cleveland Alexander to save the Series. Alexander had pitched and won the day before and he assumed his duties were over, so he spent a great portion of the previous night celebrating. As he took the mound he whispered to Redbird Manager Rogers Hornsby: "Don't make me throw any



ROGERS HORNSBY

warmup pitches." Holding his head between pitches, Alexander struck out Lazzeri and became the hero of the Series, while Tony went home the goat.

Or who can forget Mickey Owen in the 1941 World Series. With the Dodgers leading by one run and with two Yankees out, Owen dropped a third strike on Tommy Henrich, failed to throw to first, and the Yankees staged a four run rally to win the game.

The 1942 Series produced two goats. Ironically, they were the two players selected by their respective leagues as Most Valuable Players that year—Mort



TONY LAZZERI



MICKEY OWEN

TOMMY HENRICH

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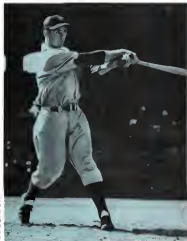
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TED WILLIAMS



JOE GORDON



Cooper and Joe Gordon. Cooper was bombed from the mound both times he appeared and Gordon batted a sickly .095, and was also picked off base once, crushing a Yankee drive. Cooper's showing was the saddest for a big name pitcher since the great Walter Johnson lost both his games in the 1924 Series.

Ted Williams, the Splendid Splinter of the Boston Red Sox, batted only .200 and didn't get an extra base hit in his lone World Series appearance, one of the great disappointments for Williams fans the world over.

Bob Feller, the Cleveland ace hurler, waited ten years for a Series appearance and then promptly lost two games—the only two he ever pitched in post-season play. Duke Snider hit a lowly .143 in his first Series for Brooklyn, and another Cleveland great, Bob Lemon, lost both his games in the 1954 Series.

It was Gran Hamner's turn in 1950. Hamner had led the Whiz Kid Phillies to the pennant with a hot bat and had hit .429 in the Series when he faltered. The Phillies led the Yankees, 2-1, and had two Yanks out when Ken Heintzleman lost control and



BOB FELLER



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on gas. Maybe yours. So make your own home weather-tight. Turn your thermostat down a few degrees, too. Do all you can to save gas. Remember, the gas you save could save a job. Use gas wisely. It's clean energy for today and tomorrow.



filled the bases. Time was called by the Phils to ease tension as Jim Konstanty came on and induced Bobby Brown to swing at a high ball. It dribbled to Hamner, who did a prolonged juggling act with the easy grounder before he dropped it. The tying run scored. In the ninth Jimmy Bloodworth fumbled successive liners by Gene Woodling and Phil Rizzuto to give the Yanks a victory.

Mickey Mantle was both hero and goat in the 1953 Series as he struck out eight times, five of them in succession, and batted .208. He redeemed himself with a two-run homer in the second game and a grand slam in the fifth.

Another big name, Dodger pitching ace Don Newcombe, had World Series woes. In the 1955



DON NEWCOMBE

BILLY MARTIN

MICKEY MANTLE



Series he was hit so often in his first appearance that Manager Walt Alston didn't use him again that year. In 1956 the 27-game regular season winner was pounded from the mound twice.

In the sixth inning of a 1966 game between the Orioles and the Dodgers, Willie Davis and Ron Fairly teamed up to draw groans from the Los Angeles fans. Frank Robinson hit a mighty blow to

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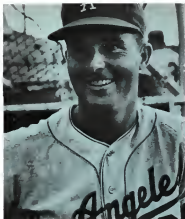


TESTED TOUGH

WILLIE DAVIS



IRON FAIRLY



right-center. For a moment it looked as if it might be gone, but the ball stayed inside the park. Both Davis and Fairly called for the ball and apparently each convinced the other that he could get it because they both pulled up and watched as the ball fell exactly between them for a triple. The Orioles went on to win the game and the Series.

Fans were sure there was a goat in the 1970 Series but they weren't sure who it was. The incident that caused the confusion occurred in the Cincinnati half of the sixth inning of the first game. There was one out with Tommy Helms on first and Bernie Carbo on

third. Ty Cline, a pinch hitter, hit one in front of the plate, a sort of high chopper. Baltimore Catcher Elrod Hendricks started to throw to first but Pitcher Jim Palmer yelled for him to tag Carbo, who was streaking from third. Umpire Ken Burkhardt was straddling the third base line, where he had judged the bounce fair. Hendricks spun around, plowed into Burkhardt and made a stab for Carbo. Amidst the pile of bodies, Burkhardt raised an arm, indicating Carbo was out. The Reds protested the call violently.

Burkhardt said he saw Hendricks tag Carbo. Carbo said he didn't tag him at all and that he had, in fact,



JIM PALMER

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MIKE ANDREWS



scored. Hendricks said he *did* tag him and consequently he didn't score. Instant replays and sequence photos showed that Hendricks had tagged him with his glove, while the ball was in his other hand. It also showed that Carbo had missed the plate completely when he slid in and had only accidentally touched it when he came back to argue the call. Burkhart's call stood and the Reds lost the game.

In the longest game ever played in terms of time—the 1973 second game between the As and Mets—Mike Andrews let an easy grounder go through his legs in the 12th and two runs scored. On the very next play Andrews threw wide to first, pulling Gene Tenace, who was covering, off the bag, allowing yet another run to score. The As were not able to make up the deficit in their half of the 12th and the Mets won the marathon game.



So, there won't be any throwing at runners on base or catching balls in caps or even deliberately wearing pitchers down by fouling 40 or so pitches, but there will be heroes and possibly even a goat in the 1976 World Series. It happens to the worst and to the *best* of 'em.

By William Neely

KNICKERBOCKERS



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PIEDMONT

A PRIME TIME FOR SPORTS

At about the same time Ray Floyd was winning the Masters golf tournament last spring, Bob Wussler, 40, became president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. In the 20 months before he moved up to one of the three most important jobs in American television, Wussler had served as the head of CBS Sports, and that is a fact that should not go unnoticed by sports fans or promoters. Typical of what viewers can expect from the young network president, who henceforth shall be known as Bet-a-Million Wussler, will be the Oct. 22 showing on CBS of last week's controversial Muhammad Ali-Ken Norton fight. Even more significant than CBS' ownership of the rights to the fight, a very formidable piece of TV merchandise that cost the network \$1 million, is Wussler's decision to telecast it on a Friday night in prime time immediately preceding the third debate between Jimmy Carter and Gerald Ford.

The selection for the first time of a sports man to head up a major network and his scheduling of Ali-Norton represent two more big steps in the continuing growth of sports on prime time. Nighttime televised sports have already enjoyed a boom in 1976, led by ABC's four weeks of Olympic coverage from Innsbruck and Montreal. Once TV executives doubted that athletic events could compete with doctors, lawyers, comics and killers, but of the 60 top-rated "specials" televised during evenings in the 1975-76 season, one-third were sports shows. TV's history has been consistent on one thing: if something is a success, imitate it and expand on it. These days that is exactly what is happening to televised sports, and nobody expects the trend to be reversed.

Starting this weekend ABC will broadcast one game of baseball's playoffs every night until they conclude. Then NBC is likely to show four World Series games in prime time, including Game 2 on a Sunday night. There had been speculation that Super Bowl XI would be seen in the evening hours on NBC, but NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle rejected the idea. This year's game is being played in Pasadena, Calif., and Rozelle felt that a late starting time would seriously impair newspaper coverage of the event in Eastern time zones and that so-so lighting in the Rose Bowl might make a night game unfair to the

participants. Ah, but think of Super Bowl XII. That one is scheduled indoors at New Orleans.

There are important implications for baseball in the Sunday night World Series game. Television's current fascination with sports is not the result of its love of games but of its steadfast loyalty to big ratings and fat bottom lines. Last year's Series between the Red Sox and the Reds was a bonanza for NBC, with five games (two because of rain) in prime time. The seventh game pulled in an estimated 40.6 million households, a record total audience for a program of any kind and 3.2 million more homes than tuned in Super Bowl Baseball's hope is that on Sunday, Oct. 17 it can draw such numbers again.

A one-sided game, however, could grind the ratings way down and cause embarrassment for the sport. Should Ali-Norton, for example, get a significantly larger number of viewers than the Sunday night Series game, the bottom liners, who hate to give their precious Sunday prime time to any but the highest-drawing "specials," might get upset. I am already upset at baseball's management, because I feel it has naively entered the ratings game and lost dignity for the sport by doing so. Except for ratings, there is no reason for a Sunday night game. I accept mid-week Series games being scheduled for the evening to allow more working people to watch them, but by playing on Sunday night, baseball is abandoning Sunday afternoon to pro football. The image war between the two sports has been a very real one for years and, in this case, baseball has vacillated. Despite its TV triumph of last fall, it has the look of a sport playing scared.

Meanwhile, CBS has the look of a winner, because the Ali-Norton match turns out to be a must-see event for sports fans. Originally the network dickered with the promoters to put the fight on live. This year three Ali bouts against little-known opponents were shown live and had spectacular ratings.



CBS' BOB WUSSLER BET A MILLION ON ALI-NORTON AND WON

"The asking price to put the fight on live television was \$3 million, and we felt that was totally unrealistic," says Wussler. "We paid \$1 million to do it on tape and originally scheduled it for Nov. 19. When the fight ended with so much controversy, we got together with the promoters and persuaded them to waive the agreed-to waiting period. We even had hopes of putting it on within a week of the fight, but that was impossible, because the promoters had to protect the theaters that had agreed to show a movie of it."

"I believe there is room for more sports in prime time. The year we will show the climbing of Mt. Everest, a special on Nadia Comaneci, the NBA playoffs and probably some other events, ABC proved with Monday Night Football that sports work in prime time. They proved it again with the Olympics. I don't know what percentage of prime time will be given to sports, but I see it increasing."

A more important question is how much it should be allowed to increase. Now is the time for sports owners to become wary, because television tends to devour its young. Quickly it costs about one million to put a good movie on TV. A lot of sports events can be bought or hyped up for less than that, and if the ratings work out well, a prime-time sports boom is likely. Sports should exercise restraint to ensure that the boom does not become a bust.

END

A rambling wreck for another Tech

THIS ONE'S IN MICHIGAN, WHERE JIM VANWAGNER IS A HECKUVA RUNNER

I don't worry about free tuition, laundry money or hotel rooms with a sauna," says Michigan Tech Tailback Jim VanWagner. "Playing football is supposed to be fun and to me it still is." Such a refreshing philosophy might not wash well with most of today's college stars, but coming from VanWagner it is certainly understandable. Essential, in fact, because Michigan Tech in Houghton, Mich. is an NCAA hockey power whose foot-

ball team is a member of Division II and operates on a budget Coach Jim Kapp describes as "a bit this side of seat-of-the-pants."

VanWagner is no seat-of-the-pants running back, however. As a soph in 1974 he led Division II in rushing with 1,453 yards. Archie Griffin and Anthony Davis made national headlines, but that November VanWagner had perhaps the most productive month a running back ever had. He gained 231 yards in just 16 carries against Bemidji, rushed a conference record 48 times for 217 yards in a win over Minnesota-Morris that clinched the Northern Intercollegiate Conference title and then rambled through Southwest State for 286 yards and six touchdowns in 30 carries.

VanWagner, a 6-foot 200-pounder, finished the season with 17 touchdowns and helped Michigan Tech run up such lopsided scores that Kapp often felt obliged to create ways of stopping his own offense. Beating Bemidji 63-6, Kapp sent in two players to replace one, drawing a penalty that killed a drive. Up 76-28 over Southwest State, the Huskies' de-

fensive linemen ignored a Mustang fumble though the ball lay at their feet. Once after Tech got an insurmountable lead, Kapp suggested to the opposing coach that the clock not stop for platoon changes or incomplete passes.

"In 1974 nobody knew VanWagner from Van Gogh," says Kapp, who had a 9-0 record that year, his second as a head coach. "But last season just about every team we met assigned a linebacker or cornerback or both to cover him man-to-man." Still, VanWagner topped Division II in rushing. Playing behind a line that averaged only 5' 11", 192 pounds, he carried the ball 289 times for 1,331 yards and scored 19 touchdowns, two of them on kickoff returns of 92 and 97 yards.

Now a senior, VanWagner has a chance to become the first player in collegiate history to win three consecutive national rushing titles. With a career total of 3,950 yards rushing, he is also within reach of the alltime small-college record of 4,839 set by Jerry Linton at Panhandle State (Okla.) in 1959-62. Linton may not be a recognizable name, but Billy (White Shoes) Johnson and Mike Thomas are. Before VanWagner began playing for Michigan Tech, they were Division II rushing champions.

It is no wonder then that NFL scouts have been phoning Kapp for directions to Houghton. A few visited the campus last spring. Surely some of them expected to find a mediocre back who was churning out yardage against woeful opposition. "After watching him outrun safeties and break loose from a couple of 300-pound tacklers, they went home impressed," Kapp says. "A scout for the Cowboys got so excited he pointed out something I hadn't noticed. VanWagner can shift direction at the line of scrimmage without losing any speed."

VanWagner is 21, soft-spoken, fair-skinned, with a 32-inch waist and a 46-inch chest. Carrying the ball, he kicks his knees high, like Jim Bertelsen and, like Bertelsen, may bowl over a tackler rather than give him a fake. VanWagner can bench-press 360 pounds, do a full split and touch his head to his knees while standing, an exercise not unique among top athletes but noteworthy because VanWagner can do it the moment he wakes up. He averages 32 carries a game and seldom gets hurt. Tech Trainer Randy Owsley attributes VanWagner's durability to

continued



PITT HAS ITS DORSETT, USC ITS HELL, AND A SMALL COLLEGE A BIG MAN IN VANWAGNER

To the 56,000,000 people who smoke cigarettes.

A lot of people have been telling you not to smoke, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine. But smoking provides you with a pleasure you don't want to give up.

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Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

Not that Vantage is the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. (But you probably wouldn't like the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette anyway.)

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So much flavor that you'll never miss your high 'tar' cigarette.



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a perfect blend of strength and flexibility.

Los Angeles Ram Scout John Trump calls VanWagner a solid player. Like any good scout, Trump isn't about to pump up a prospect his boss might have to sign. "He dominates in that competition," Trump says cautiously. "He's not just a three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust tailback grinding it out. He's a little of both—power and elusiveness—that's what makes him interesting."

VanWagner is Michigan Tech's first legitimate pro prospect and it is easy to understand why. The campus lies among abandoned copper mines deep in the state's Upper Peninsula. It is 600 miles northwest of Detroit and a four-hour bus ride to Tech's nearest football opponent. The Southwest State trip takes 12 hours. The Michigan Tech practice field has one goalpost anchored in cement and a playing surface as hard as concrete. More Huskies have suffered injuries in practice than in games. There is no athletic dorm. There are barely enough pads and shields for the team. The budget provides for 11 scholarships but Kapp divvies them up among 39 players. No one gets a full ride. VanWagner wears a face mask that doesn't fully protect his nose and, it turns out, pays his own room and board.

All of which makes you wonder why he went to Tech in the first place. For one thing, Kapp promised he would be his No. 1 tailback. For another, VanWagner's brother Tom played on the offensive line and offered nothing but praise for the university and the coach.

As a senior halfback at rural Novi High VanWagner averaged 95 yards a game in only 10 carries. But Novi is a Class C school. Major colleges recruit A and B Michigan State called once, asking VanWagner if he wanted to try out for the Spartans as a walk-on linebacker. He won an appointment to West Point, considered enrolling, but turned the opportunity down when he heard of a plebe who was so hungry he often ate his toothpaste. "I don't think I really believed the story," VanWagner says. "but I'm happy I decided not to go there. I've had four years to play tailback here. At Army I might have spent four years holding a tackling dummy."

One reservation the pros may have about VanWagner is that he is a tweener: fast (4.6 in the 40) but small for the ideal fullback and big but a step slow for the picture halfback. But San Francisco 49er Scout Dick Daniels has advised

VanWagner not to worry, just to go out and have a big year, which he is doing.

The Huskies opened the season at Northwood Institute, nine hours downstate in Midland. Forty Huskies boarded the bus. Two had no seat so they rode in the luggage rack. The bus arrived half an hour late, stopping en route because Tech's wide receiver was car sick. The Gateway Motel ran out of rollaways. At dinner, it ran out of glasses.

The next afternoon Tech whipped the Northmen 31-7. VanWagner rushed 32 times for 140 yards and four touchdowns. The following week he had 155 yards in 31 attempts as the Huskies, playing without a healthy placekicker, lost to Grand Valley State 10-8. After sitting out an easy win over Winona State with a bruised shoulder, VanWagner returned last Saturday and ran for 176 yards and two touchdowns on 35 carries as Tech crushed Bemidji 48-7.

Before the Northwood game VanWagner said, "I've got scrapbooks. No matter what else happens, I can say I contributed." That tells you a lot about the small-college game, but more about Jim VanWagner.

THE WEEK

by PAT PUTNAM

SOUTH Served compliments of a fan, the LSU football team sat down 48 hours before playing Florida and dined on 100 pounds of breaded alligator meat. "It tasted pretty good," was freshman Linebacker Jerry Hill's assessment. "Just like fish." Obviously looking for a similar report, LSU, which hadn't won out of its home state in 35 months, then took off for Gainesville, where the Florida Gators hadn't lost in 35 months. And still haven't.

In an untidy game marked by fumbles lost and easy scores on both sides, Florida turned LSU away just five yards from its goal in the final seconds, and it was the Tigers who were finally eaten, 28-23. Unbred, and, until then, unbeaten.

Florida, which boasts enough speed to field an Olympic relay team, got away quickly, thanks to two LSU fumbles after fair-catch signals on punts. The first gave the Gators the ball at the 10, from where Jimmy Fisher passed to Wes Chandler for a touchdown. The second came at the nine and was followed by a six-yard scoring run by reserve Quarterback Bill Kynes.

In the third quarter it was the Gators' turn

to play giveaway. A fumbled pincushion at the Florida 26 led to one LSU touchdown, a fumble on the center snap at the Florida five led to a second. Then it came down to the final seconds, with LSU at the Florida nine, first and goal. Three runs—two of them by Tailback Terry Robiske, who scored after three Tiger touchdowns—netted just four yards. On fourth down, with 14 seconds on the clock, LSU Quarterback Pat Lyons rolled to his right and passed toward Split End Bruce Hemphill, open in the end zone. The pass was low and wide. On that thin thread hung the Florida victory.

Overheard outside the Mississippi dressing room:

Fan One: "The way our offense played today, coach ought to make them run plays all the way back to Oxford."

Fan Two: "The way they played today, they wouldn't get home until 1980."

Favored Mississippi an early-season victor over Alabama, managed just one first down in the first half and five in the second as Auburn won 10-0. Auburn's scores came on an early field goal by Neal O'Donoghue and a last-minute five-yard touchdown run by Quarterback Phil Gargis.

The last time Penn State lost three games in a row was in 1964. Until last week, that is, when Derrick Ramsey scored twice, one on a 61-yard romp, to give Kentucky a 22-6 victory over the crippled Nittany Lions. Penn State, down to almost no one at running back, finally scored after a pass-interference penalty put the ball at the Kentucky one.

Frustrated as much by a driving rain and a muddy field as by Villanova's defense, Maryland sloshed to a pair of third-quarter touchdowns to salvage a 20-9 victory. At Baltimore Villanova, scoring on a safety and a short plunge after a pass interception, had led 9-6. At that point Maryland Coach Jerry Claiborne ordered his troops to concentrate their attack on the center strip of Bermuda grass where footing was more solid. And so, with 7:39 left in the third quarter, Fullback Tim Wilson bulled 13 yards to put Maryland ahead. Quarterback Mark Mangas backed it up with a 48-yard scoring strike in Split Receiver Chuck White.

Duke figured it had a good chance—if it could count on Pat's Tony Dorsett. And count Dorsett Duke did, for a while anyway. But, meanwhile, Pitt Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh was throwing a school-record five scoring passes and leading the second-ranked Panthers to a 44-31 victory. Held to 45 yards in the first half, Dorsett finally got rolling. He finished with 129 yards and one touchdown and is now, just 518 yards behind Archie Griffin's collegiate career rushing record.

Georgia Tech came up with a new offense (the veer in place of the wishbone) and a new quarterback (5'8½" freshman Gary Lamer) and dumped hapless Virginia 35-14. Halfback

continued

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When the oil people came, they did a lot of talking before they sank a single hole. They talked to the Forest Service. To the Department of the Interior.

Today, the oil field in the Wasatch National Forest co-exists with the environment. Pipelines are buried and tracks grassed over.

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A closer look.



The oil well is in the lower center of the picture. Hard to find, isn't it?

demonstrates, even the oil wells are difficult to spot.

An environmental award for an oil field?

The Wasatch oil field was so hard to notice, the Bonneville chapter of the American Fisheries Society noticed.

For the first time in the 105-year history of the Society, one of its chapters issued an official

commendation to the petroleum company that developed the Wasatch field.

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David Sims gained 96 yards and scored twice to become Tech's all-time leading rusher (1,778). Taking advantage of six personal fouls, Tennessee flagged Clemson 21-19, while previously winless Tulane turned a punt return and a pass interception into touchdowns to upset Vanderbilt 24-13. Mississippi State routed Cal Poly-Pomona 38-0, Louisville, with Calvin Prince adding three touchdowns to his nation-leading total, defeated Wichita State 28-14; and Florida State finally won, downing Kansas State 20-10.

1. GEORGIA (4-0)

2. MARYLAND (4-0) 3. AUBURN (2-2)

SOUTHWEST Baylor Coach Grant Teaff has often told his troops that to win football games you have to win the fourth quarter. Taking him at his word, the Bears spent the first three quarters watching South Carolina build a 17-0 lead, then came roaring back with a pair of touchdowns, a two-point conversion and a field goal to win 18-17. "Spotting them 17 points," said Teaff, "well, that's carrying it a little far."

For most of the game South Carolina played nearly flawless football. But in the fourth quarter Baylor was perfect. Said South Carolina Coach Jim Carlen: Baylor's first score came on a 15-yard pass, Quarterback Mark Jackson to Split End Tommy Davidson. Jackson then ran it in for a two-point conversion. At last in his gear, Jackson ripped off one 19-yard run, then flipped a 27-yard pass to Greg Hawthorne—at which point Jackson's mother fainted in the stands—30 set up a 25-yard field goal by Lester Belrose. On the bench South Carolina Tackle Mike Fraite turned to a teammate and asked, "What has happened to our momentum?"

But "our momentum" had become Baylor's. Behind the running of Jackson and Tailback Gary Blair and aided by a pass interference call that picked up 12 yards, Baylor moved to the three. From there with 1:16 remaining, Blair punched it in. Belrose kicked the decisive extra point.

"That Jackson was the difference," Carlen said. "He got hot in the third quarter and burned us in the fourth." South Carolina scored twice in the first half, first on a four-yard run by Tailback Kevin Long at the end of an 80-yard drive. The second came after a Baylor fumble at the 13.

"I've never had a halfback with that kind of speed," said Darrell Royal of Texas. "We've had some quick guys, but Johnny Lam's a racehorse. He's not only got speed, he's got good running ability."

Johnny Lam is Johnny Jones, a gold-medal winner in the 400-meter relay at Montreal, who gave Royal and Texas an Olympian performance against Rice. Only one of 11 runners unleashed by Royal as the Texas ground game chewed up 353 yards. Jones sped for

182—including runs of 45 and 13 for touchdowns—in just 15 carries as the Longhorns rolled to a 42-15 victory.

"We just didn't have the speed to match them," said Rice Coach Homer Rice. The Owls did have Tommy Kramer, who completed 34 of 57 passes for 397 yards, two touchdowns and three school records, and James Sykes, who caught 12 passes, another school record, for 125 yards.

After two straight Saturdays of offensive futility, Arkansas got well against Texas Christian's croaking Horned Frogs, and Frank Broyles was saying things like, "We look more like a complete team now." After 22 minutes the score was 32-0 but with Broyles holding his buds at check it was no worse than 46-14 at the end. Both of TCU's touchdowns came in the last six minutes after Arkansas had dipped deep into its reserves.

Plagued by fumbles, heavily favored Oklahoma State never really got going and needed a last-minute goal line stand to salvage a 16-10 victory over North Texas State. Tulsa crushed New Mexico State, winning 32-7 and Memphis State put away hapless SMU 27-13.

1. TEXAS (2-1)

2. TEXAS TECH (2-0) 3. HOUSTON (2-1)

MIDWEST Terry Donahue, the 32-year-old rookie coach of embattled UCLA, called it a very morning experience. No, not playing Ohio State to a nationally televised and locally booed 10-10 tie. Donahue was talking about shaking hands with Ohio State's Woody Hayes after the game.

"I just wanted to shake hands with the man who has been my idol," Donahue said after following his idol's strategy in playing not to lose. "What did he say? I honestly don't know, something like 'Good game.'" Well, up to the last 35 seconds it was good enough. At that point Ohio State had a fourth down and four yards to go at the UCLA 47. Hayes had three options: 1) go for it, 2) give a 65-yard shot to his field-goal kicker, Super Tom Skladany, who booted one 59 yards long against Illinois last year, or 3) punt. Woody elected to punt. The hometown crowd of 87,969, the third-largest in Ohio Stadium history, elected to voice its collective displeasure.

"I don't like ties, but I was not going to throw the game away for our kids who had played so well," Hayes said. "I heard the boos. I got a little bitter . . . disgusted . . . I hope they were booing me and not the players."

Now it was UCLA's turn for one last crack at victory. The ball was at the 12 with 24 seconds to play. Donahue ordered his quarterback to fall down at the line of scrimmage and preserve the tie. Again the boos rained down. "I was surprised that they didn't come out passing," Hayes said. "I thought they'd go for a big one, most young coaches would have."

Oddly, Donahue had proved himself a successful gambler a little while earlier. Then, with Ohio State leading 7-3, UCLA faced a fourth and one at its own 26. It was late in the third quarter. For this one Donahue ordered a fake punt, and sophomore Fullback Theotis Brown, who finished with 102 yards, made a play with a 25-yard gallop to the Buckeye 49. Spurred by the successful play the Bruins drove to the one-foot line, and senior Quarterback Jeff Dunkworth dove in to score. Trailing 10-7, Ohio State balled to the UCLA cage, stalled and settled for a Skladany field goal. And a tie. Then later there was the brave soul who asked Hayes if a tie really was like kissing your sister? "It's been so long since I kissed my sister I wouldn't know," responded the 64-year-old coach.

A somewhat subdued Michigan, widely criticized for racing up the score against Navy the week before (70-14), held it down against Wake Forest, winning only 31-20. Rob Lyle scored two touchdowns, gained 110 yards and moved past Tom Harmon to fifth place on the Wolverines' all-time rushing list.

It was not one of those classic Notre Dame-Michigan State meetings. This is hardly a vintage Irish team, but as defense is strong, and against the weak Spartans it had a 17-0 advantage after 21½ minutes. Then Notre Dame tried to make it a contest by fumbling, little chance. Its offense inept, Michigan State tried six field goals, made two. Notre Dame won 24-6.

Staving off a fourth-quarter Western Michigan rally to win 31-28, Bowling Green established itself as a top contender for the Mid-American Conference championship. It took a 31-yard field goal by Robin Youcum to overcome an amazing one-man offensive show by Western Michigan's Jerome Persell. Totalling 186 yards for the day, the 5'9" Persell scored on runs of five, six, five and 26 yards. In another Mid-American skirmish, powerful Ohio University sacked winless Toledo University 34-8 behind the running of Tailback Arnold Welcher. For the day Welcher carried 19 times for 143 yards and one touchdown.

Trailing 9-7 with only 12:08 to play, Nebraska found strength in back-to-back 15-yard penalties to lock a go-ahead field goal and went on to overcome a hard-mosed Miami (Fla.) team. After the field goal, a 32-yarder by Al Eveland, Nebraska drove 67 yards for the clinching touchdown in the closing minutes, winning 17-9.

Third-ranked Oklahoma sent Horace Ivey 62 yards to score off a draw play and then saw Jerry Anderson return an interception for another touchdown, both in the last four minutes, to defeat fired-up Iowa State 24-10. Rolling up more than 500 yards, Missouri dominated North Carolina 24-3 in 94° weather, while Texas A&M, tough on defense but flustered on offense, had enough to down Illinois 14-7.

continued

Kansas defeated Wisconsin 34-24, Southern Illinois downed Lamar 19-7, North Carolina State rallied in the fourth quarter to defeat Indiana 24-21; freshman Quarterback Jim Krohn threw three touchdown passes as Arizona rolled over winless Northwestern 27-15, and Purdue made a mess of Miami of Ohio's defenses in a 42-20 game. It was, alas, Miami's fifth straight defeat. Northern Michigan defeated Eastern Michigan 28-6.

1. MICHIGAN (4-0)

2. OKLAHOMA (4-0) 3. NEBRASKA (3-0-1)

WEST Even with such an extraordinary weapon as Ricky Bell, USC figured it would have its hands full trying to move, much less score, against Iowa. After all, the Hawkeyes, fresh from a stunning upset of Penn State the week before, were coming in with a defense ranked first in the Big Ten, and, some reported, second only to the Alamo. The situation seemed even more perilous when Vince Evans, the starting USC quarterback, spent the week scrambling against the flu.

But Evans was able to start, and before his stamina faded he completed eight of 15 passes, one of them to Shelton Duggs for 17 yards and a touchdown just two minutes and 37 seconds into the game. "Iowa was giving us the pass, and you have to be willing to take what the other guy gives," reasoned USC Coach John Robinson.

Iowa was giving up the ball, too. That first score came after a fumble by Hawkeye Quarterback Butch Caldwell. Early in the second quarter another Iowa fumble set up the second of two one-yard scoring plunges by Bell, who wound up with 119 yards in 28 carries. So, staked to a 21-0 lead and with Evans obviously firing, USC gave the job to reserve Quarterback Rob Hertel. Hertel closed out the second quarter by firing scoring strikes of 33 and nine yards. Thus at the half it was USC 35 points; Iowa two net yards.

"We committed the ultimate sin in football," moaned Iowa Coach Bob Coomings. "We fumbled, and when you fumble then everybody stops running because they're afraid they are going to fumble."

For Iowa, the trouble was only beginning. In the second half Hertel threw two more touchdown passes, one of 16 yards, the other of 20. The four touchdown passes matched the single-game USC record first set by Pete Beathard in the 1963 Rose Bowl game. In all, Hertel completed 10 of 13 passes for 167 yards. USC's last score—upping the final count to 55-0—came on a 60-yard sprint by freshman Charles White.

"We weren't that effective," said Hertel. "We weren't consistent. We scored 55 and the way they were giving us the pass we should have had 90. But don't count Iowa out. I think they are a very good defensive team against a club that doesn't pass too well."

Deciding that his club was tired after a loss to Indiana, Washington Coach Don James put his Huskies through some rare into-the-season head-knocking scrimmages last week. "I guess we'll have to start beating them up in practice," said James. So primed, the Huskies came out bloodied but belligerent against unbeaten Minnesota, scored four of the first five times they possessed the ball and went from there to win 38-7.

Surprised but pleased to discover San Jose State defending him man-for-man, California Flanker Wesley Walker hauled in eight passes for 289 yards and three touchdowns as the Golden Bears roared to a 43-16 victory.

Statistics can be deceiving. As a cise in point take San Diego State, which edged BYU in yards gained (283-209), in first downs (17-15) and in average gain per play (4.2 to 2.8). On the other foot, BYU led in field goals (two by Dave Taylor to none) and safeties (1-0) and won 8-0. It was the first shutout of San Diego State after 51 games.

With three minutes to play, Bob Davis, a halfback, threw a 64-yard touchdown pass to Split End John Arnold, and underdog Wyoming had handed Arizona State its third straight loss, 13-10. Three touchdown passes by Jack Thompson spurred Washington State to a 45-6 victory over fumbling (seven) Idaho. Striking for all of its points in the first half, unbeaten Long Beach State rolled past University of the Pacific 17-14. Oregon defeated Utah State 27-9, and New Mexico downed Colorado State 33-20.

1. UCLA (3-0-1)

2. USC (3-1) 3. CALIFORNIA (2-2)

EAST Late rallies were the order of the day for Army and Navy, with Army coming on in the second half to upset Stanford 21-20, but the Middies, playing in the rain, fell four points short in a 17-13 defeat by 15th-ranked Boston College.

At West Point, the Cardinals crumbled in the face of three strong Army drives in the last half, and then saw any chance of victory sail wide with a 42-yard field-goal attempt by Mike Michel with four seconds to play. Bedeviled up the first half and losing 20-0, Army finally got moving on the powerful passing arm of Lesmos Hall.

Hall went into the game leading the nation in completion average and passing yardage per game, but through the first half he managed only three completions and 40 yards in 12 attempts. Once cranked up, Hall was unstoppable. He moved the Cadets 80 yards to score in the third quarter, with the touchdown coming on a four-yard burst by plebe Jon Dwyer. Then Army, aided mightily by two Stanford pass-interference calls on third downs, marched 66 yards and scored on an 11-yard Hall-to-Tom Kuchar pass. Minutes later Army drove 80 yards and scored on a one-yard dive by Hall.

For three quarters, Boston College had things pretty much as it wanted against Navy. Using a crunching ground attack punctuated by timely throwing, the Eagles scored twice on passes from Kenny Smith to Dave Zumbach in the first half, and added a 28-yard field goal by Tim Moorman in the third quarter. Then Navy, switching the quarterback helm to Bob Leszczynski, began to move.

The Middies' first drive carried 80 yards, with Larry Klawinski scoring from one yard out. The next time it had the ball, Navy moved

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DEFENSE: Georgia Roverback Bill Krug, a 6'1", 200-pound junior, intercepted a crucial pass and added six tackles and a quarterback sack as the undefeated Bulldogs handcuffed 10th-ranked Alabama in a 21-0 victory.

OFFENSE: Senior Flanker Wesley Walker, who caught eight passes for 289 yards and three touchdowns in California's 43-16 victory over San Jose State, broke the Pac 8 conference's single-game record.

89 yards in 17 plays. Joe Gattuso, a wide receiver running at tailback, carried in from the four.

Benché for most of the third quarter for failing to move his team, Quarterback Bert Kowp came back angry and on target as unbeaten Rutgers scored twice in the last period to down winless Cornell 21-14. Kowp threw three passes in the first scoring drive, the last one 14 yards for a touchdown to Mark Twitty. After Bob Davis intercepted a Cornell pass, Rutgers got its running game untracked and Mike Fisher ran three yards for the deciding touchdown. Unbeaten Brown edged Princeton 13-7. Columbia came from behind to upset Penn 14-10. Jim Kubiak ran for two touchdowns and passed for two more as Harvard defeated Boston University 37-14. Dartmouth crushed Holy Cross 45-7, and Yale, with John Pagliaro running for 193 yards and two scores, downed previously unbeaten Lehigh 21-6.

Starting for only the second time, sophomore Quarterback Bill Kondo ran for a pair of touchdowns to lead Delaware over Temple 18-16, which made Harold Raymond the winningest coach (85 victories) in Blue Hen history. Temple scored with 1:39 to play, but then fell short with a two-point conversion pass Syracuse, winless in its first three starts, unveiled a new and apparently potent if dull "thunder" offense to down Oregon State 21-3. The new offense incorporates two tight ends, which should tell you something. Still, Syracuse completed half of its passes—one

1. PITTSBURGH (4-0)

2. BOSTON COLLEGE (3-0) 3. RUTGERS (3-0)

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AFTER THE MARLBORO, THE OUTSTANDING JOCKEY IN AMERICA SAID HE HAD JUST RIDDEN HIS GREATEST HORSE. AND NO ONE WHO HAD WITNESSED FOREGO'S STAUNCH RUN WAS ABOUT TO QUIBBLE WITH BILL SHOEMAKER

It was long ago, 55 years to be exact, that a horse did what Forego accomplished last Saturday in the Marlboro Cup at Belmont Park. The oldtimer's name was Exterminator, and he lugged 137 pounds around Woodbine in Canada to win the 1½-mile Toronto Autumn Cup Handicap. At the time Exterminator, like Forego, was six years old. Exterminator, the beloved Old Bones, was the first gelding to be regarded as great, and even now there are those who swear when they walk past the Racing Hall of Fame in Saratoga on soft summer nights they can hear his hoofbeats. As a 7-year-old, Old Bones got even better, but by the time he reached eight the pressures and agony of carrying weight had begun to slow him. In 1924 at the age of nine,

after 20 career wins under 130 pounds or more, Exterminator broke down.

Now, half a century later, racing has another Old Bones. The \$283,700 Marlboro proved that Forego's drive from far back through the muddy stretch and victory by a head over the dead-game Honest Pleasure was a performance unmatched on an American track in at least a decade. It brought to mind Joe Palmer's description of Man o'War: "He was as near to a living flame as horses ever get, and horses get closer to this than anything else." Only Exterminator and Whisk Broom II ever managed to win a major race carrying as much as 138 pounds over a distance of 1¼ miles.

When Forego won the Woodward three weeks ago, hefting 135 pounds,

horsemen said it was his finest race, and it was difficult to believe then that he could equal that performance. But Forego not only equaled it, he exceeded it, gloriously, in the Marlboro Bill Shoemaker, his jockey, said of the race. "When we were nearing the top of the stretch with a little more than a quarter of a mile to run, I didn't think Forego would be all the money. I knew darn well I wasn't going to win. Then he dug in and started to roll. With an eighth of a mile left it still seemed impossible. At the sixteenth pole I thought, 'Hey, just maybe he can get there.' When he did I was amazed. Forego is the greatest horse I have ever ridden."

Since Shoemaker is not given to excessive praise, this has to be considered

continued

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HORSE RACING continued

a remarkable statement. During his brilliant career he has been aboard the winners of 681 stakes as well as nearly half of the top 40 money-winners of all time. "I don't ever remember riding a horse carrying as much as 137 pounds," he said. "I won the United Nations Handicap in 1959 with Round Table on the grass at Atlantic City when he carried 136." Round Table loved to run on the grass, and in the United Nations he was near the lead all the way. "But," Shoe continued, "this was different. It was the greatest race I've ever been in or seen."

Two hours before the Marlboro there was doubt that Forego would go to the post. It was believed he did not like off tracks because of his large size. It was suggested that any time a water faucet was turned on in nearby Ozone Park, Forego called for his rubbers. Until the Marlboro he had only competed once on a muddy track (he was third), even though he had made 47 lifetime starts.

Trainer Frank Whiteley Jr. considered scratching Forego until the fourth race on the card when Shoemaker went out to ride a filly named Slip Screen in a \$30,000 allowance event. Shoemaker is a superb mud jockey; he set a Santa Anita record by riding six winners in a row one rainy day in 1962—horses that for the most part were unshod because of a blacksmiths' strike.

Shoemaker finished second with Slip Screen and then buddled with Whiteley. The jockey told the trainer that while the track was turning from sloppy to muddy, the course had a good bottom. So Forego stayed in the race.

Weight and off tracks are the two principal reasons good horses get beaten. Of the two, weight is the more significant factor, and 130 pounds seems to be the barrier that separates good horses from great ones. "That 130-pound thing is hard to explain," Eddie Arcaro said a couple of days before the Marlboro. "I liken it to a man standing on a bridge that is starting to crack and tremble. Somebody puts another pound in the man's arms. He's standing there watching the crack get wider, and he knows if the guy comes back with another pound, both of them are going to end up in the drink. Only an outstanding horse will be able to carry 130 pounds over a distance of ground and win."

Discovery, Armed, Kelso, Tom Fool,
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HORSE RACING continued

Swaps, Bold Ruler, Gallant Man and Equipoise could carry a lot of lead successfully. But other fine horses, for one reason or another, either never carried 130 or never won with it; among them are Nashua, Citation and Secretariat. Man o'War carried 130 or more nine times and won all but one start. He carried 130 six times as a 2-year-old, a feat that seems impossible these days.

In the end, it was weight that sent Man o'War to stud. Big Red won a stake his final season carrying 138 pounds, and soon afterward his owner, Sam Riddle, approached Walter Vosburgh, the racing secretary and handicapper in New York. "If I run Man o'War as a 4-year-old," Riddle asked, "how much will you put on him?" Vosburgh said coolly, "The heaviest weight a horse has ever carried." Riddle retired Man o'War, and 15 years later he made a speech in which he expressed his feelings about racing secretaries. "They know a lot about horses," Riddle said. "They know which end kicks and which end bites."

The feud between trainers and racing secretaries is an old and honored one. Assigning high weights can send a good horse out of one town into another and thus hurt attendance and betting handles. Many trainers will nominate a good horse to as many as three stakes on one weekend and then pick the easiest spot. For example, last March Dan Lasater entered Regal Club in the \$100,000 John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie in Maryland. The horse was assigned 127 pounds, and Lasater chose instead to ship 3,000 miles to accept 124 pounds in the Santa Anita Handicap. Gilnt won by a nose. "It wasn't the money or the three pounds we were thinking about," Trainer Gordon Potter explained. "It was what would happen later. If you win with 127 pounds, the next step could be 130."

Until the Marlboro, Forego had twice carried 136 pounds unsuccessfully, and some believed Tommy Trotter, the racing secretary in New York, might give Forego 136 pounds or keep him at 135 and drop weight off his opponents.

"I saw the Woodward," Trotter said last week, "and knew how impressively Forego had won. I thought he should go up two pounds and so assigned him 137. You don't call up a trainer and tell him what you have done; you just have the weights mimeographed and let him make

up his mind. In the days following the release of the weights, I saw Frank Whiteley several times and we talked. The one thing we didn't talk about was weights."

Trotter was taught his craft by two outstanding race secretaries, Frank E. (Jimmy) Kilroe and the legendary John Blanks Campbell, the man who handicapped Brownie (115 pounds), Bossuet (127) and Wait A Bit (118) into a triple dead heat in the 1944 Carter Handicap. In July of this year Trotter had almost matched Campbell's finish. In the Suburban he assigned Forego 134 pounds, Foolish Pleasure 125 and Lord Rebeau 116, and they finished noses apart, with Foolish Pleasure winning. "That was a race I was proud of," Trotter says.

Before Trotter announced his Marlboro weights, Forego's owner, Martha Gerry, had considered the possibilities. "I was hoping he would give us 136 pounds," she says, "but I knew he would probably put 137 on Forego. Frank made some remarks about not running with

more than 135, but he has to make statements like that because he's a trainer. I wanted to run. I was worried about Forego getting hurt or being beaten and then when it rained for three straight days prior to the race I was beside myself. I love Forego and he seems to understand me. He knocks people down and even bites his groom at times, but he eats apples from my hand. I decided to run him with 137 pounds even though he might get beat."

Trotter's two high weights finished inches apart, and the win with 137 now ensures Forego his third consecutive Horse of the Year title. (Kelso won five from 1960 to 1964 but never was forced to carry more than 136 pounds.)

Forego is now \$344,783 short of becoming racing's first \$2 million winner and deserves the chance to carry on like Kelso and Exterminator. Two weeks from now, in the \$300,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup, he will get some respite from racing secretaries when he runs under

weight-for-age conditions at Belmont, carrying 126 pounds over 1½ miles. The 3-year-old Honest Pleasure, if he starts, will go to the post with 121. Forego will be an overwhelming favorite.

The drama of the big gelding's home-stretch drive last Saturday tended to obscure the fact that he was timed in 2:00, only one-fifth of a second off the track record he set last year with 132 pounds over a blistering fast track. Exterminator, by the way, won that Autumn Cup Handicap 55 years ago in 2:05½. Draw your own conclusions as to where Forego now stands as a runner.

Craig Perret, the jockey on Honest Pleasure, has drawn his. Perret rode a flawless race and was just edged, but it marked the fifth straight time this year the jockey has finished behind Forego in a stake. "That dude has plain got my number," Perret said. "He must think I'm a piece of fried chicken on a plate because he comes along all the time and takes a big bite out of me." **END**

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in Denver's raw Mile High Stadium.

The San Diego Chargers? Fearsome? Who could get excited over that? Well, at game time San Diego was, amazingly, the top offensive team in the American Football Conference, with a 415 yard-per-game average, of which the Charger rushers had accounted for 223. Quarterback Dan Fouts had blossomed into the AFC passing leader with a 66.7 completion percentage, 618 total passing yards—and if you can believe it—no interceptions. And the Chargers, just last year one of the two worst teams in the NFL, had won three straight, including a smashing 43-24 rout of St. Louis.

Denver, coming off a mediocre 6-8 record, had also turned a corner. After losing their opener to the Cincinnati Bengals, the Broncos put the boots to the easily booed New York Jets 46-3, setting a team record in total offense (543 yards). Nobody was convinced of anything just yet, but then the Broncos trampled the improved Cleveland Browns 44-13, and suddenly the Charger game shaped up as an intriguing confrontation between a couple of teams that had been down, way down, on their luck in recent years. It would be San Diego's vaunted new offense against Denver's stung defense and exceptional set of special teams. Though Denver's offense, conducted by paunchy Quarterback Steve Ramsey, had not shown any great flair, only a boring consistency. Running Back Otis Armstrong was healthy again after missing the last 10 games of the 1975 schedule because of a severe hamstring tear, and that had to count for a lot. What's more, second-year Wide Receiver Rick Upchurch had erupted on the kick return scene with a roar by returning punts 73 and 47 yards for touchdowns against Cleveland. There were to be plenty more roars for Upchurch and all the Broncos on Sunday.

At the end of a rather torpid first quarter, during which both teams did a lot of ineffectual probing, Ramsey—who has

heard his share of rowdy Rocky Mountain boos—sent Tight End Riley Odoms rumbling down the right sideline and hit him on the numbers for a 47-yard gain to the Charger 30. The drive fizzled, but Jim [Tank] Turner salvaged three points for the Broncos with a 47-yard field goal.

Puzzled, apparently, by Denver's four-linebacker defense, the Chargers bugged down at midfield on their next series and the one after that. Then Charger Punter Mitch Hoopes made the fatal mistake of driving a 43-yard kick into the hands of Upchurch. Tucking the ball on the Denver eight-yard line, Upchurch slanted upfield, broke a tackle at his 40 by spinning clear around and, without breaking stride, raced down the left sideline to complete a 92-yard touchdown trip. Denver 10, San Diego zip.

At halftime the Chargers had outplayed the Broncos statistically, with a total of 187 yards, 66 on the ground. But Fouts had suffered his first interception—a harmless one, it turned out—by Denver Middle Linebacker Randy Gradishar. Denver's offense, meanwhile, had generated only 98 yards, with Armstrong held to a scant 23 in six carries. Ah, but it was not to remain that way.

Armstrong, the NFL's leading rusher in 1974, wound up into high gear as the second half wore along, and finished with 91 yards on 23 carries. On Denver's second series of the second half, Ramsey connected with Upchurch for 57 yards, and Turner kicked a 25-yard field goal for a 13-0 lead. Minutes later Turner added a 36-yard field goal and the Broncos moved to a 16-0 lead.

In the fourth quarter the Broncos turned the game into a rout. Armstrong cracked and cracked again at the young San Diego defense, and the Chargers began to crumble. The Broncos recovered a Charger fumble at the San Diego 34, and Armstrong went to work. He banged the left side for eight yards, then left again for another eight. Ramsey called Armstrong's number once more, but this time O.A., as Armstrong calls himself, went right for his eight yards. Lonnie Perrin, a 6' 1", 222-pound rookie fullback from Illinois, went airborne for the touchdown, and Turner later booted his fourth field goal, this one from 27 yards. So it was Denver 26, San Diego 0. End of San Diego's undefeated season.

Still, after suffering through last year's 2-12 record and 6 straight sub-.500 seasons



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Fact is the first menthol cigarette with the revolutionary Purite™ filter. And Fact reduces gas concentrations while it reduces 'tar' and nicotine.

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And that's not fiction.
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Without removing the elements that taste good.

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Available in regular and menthol.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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sors, few people around San Diego are complaining about one measly defeat. Coach Tommy Prothro has cleaned the Chargers' house thoroughly. Only five players remain of the odd lot Prothro took over from Harland Sorensen three seasons ago after the Chargers were involved in the worst drug scandal in pro football history. His broom having swept clean, Prothro cast about for a way to revitalize his stagnant Model T offense. With a move worthy of his reputation as a chess master, Prothro picked up Bill Walsh, the lean, thoughtful, 44-year-old offensive strategist who over an eight-year period had turned the Cincinnati Bengals into the top passing team in the NFL.

"Paul Brown gave me a great deal of latitude," Walsh says of his Cincinnati tenure. "I had plenty of time to work out my own system of football, to express myself offensively. I take great pride in the artistic end of it." Working with quarterbacks of such disparate temperaments and talents as Greg Cook, Virgil Carter and Ken Anderson, Walsh was the innovator of many new offensive plays—like putting tight ends in motion—that are only now filtering through to the rest of the league. "I put Fouts on a par with Anderson in terms of intelligence," says Walsh. "And that's very important, even when you call all the plays from the sideline, as I do with the Chargers. What's more, Dan's tough. He's been prone to getting nicked in the past, but with the formations we're employing now, there's less chance of him getting busted up than there was before."

To put something special on the far end of this passing game, Prothro worked a swap with Cincinnati that sent Defensive End Coy Bacon east in return for Wide Receiver Charley Joiner. Joiner caught 12 passes for 252 yards and two touchdowns in San Diego's victories over Kansas City, Tampa Bay and St. Louis. Tight End Pat Curran was the leading San Diego receiver last year with 45 catches for 619 yards, but never scored a touchdown. Earlier this season Fouts finally hit him for six points. "It felt good," Curran says. "After waiting that long, I told Fouts in the huddle that if he ran, I'd tackle him."

But a sound passing game is only one facet of total offense. Don Woods, the fullback who gained a rookie-record 1,162 yards in 1974, has recovered fully from his knee surgery of last season and



WALSH AND FOUTS BLITZED THE CARDINALS BUT HAD NO ANSWERS FOR DENVER'S DEFENSE

popped for 195 yards in his first three games. Running mate Rickey Young had 233.

Cerebral and streamlined on offense, the Chargers still have a way to go defensively, as Sunday's game demonstrated so clearly. Still, there is enough talent and residual depth for the Chargers to have a winning season, or at least to break even, despite a schedule that will bring two games with Oakland and single head-bangers with Houston, Pittsburgh and Baltimore. One new Charger, the mercurial Mercury Morris, who was picked up from Miami after San Diego's No. 1 draft choice, Running Back Joe Washington of Oklahoma, damaged his knee during the preseason, is positively ebullient about his team's chances. "These guys lost 12 games last season," chirps Morris. "Why, I don't think I've been on teams that lost 12 games total. Seriously, though, this squad reminds me in an attitude of the 17-0 Dolphins. They're beginning to believe, and once you believe, fully, you can do it all."

But Denver, equally revived, also seems to have Morris' kind of attitude about its own prospects, particularly with Armstrong back in the lineup. O.A. gained 96 yards against Cincinnati in the opener even though the Bengals were keying on him. The Broncos ultimately lost 17-7. Against the hapless New York

Jets, Armstrong slammed for 94 yards more, but that isn't saying much. "The Jets could easily go 0-14 this year," says Turner, who came to Denver from New York six years ago. "I have nightmares about being traded back to the Jets." Turner shudders. "This team here is getting there, just like San Diego," he says. "That's the good thing about what's happened so far—here is the formerly one-horse Western Division of the AFC with three good teams banging pods for a change. That's the way it ought to be."

In fact, Denver's victory over San Diego—the first Bronco shutout since 1971 and only the third in the club's 228-game history—combined with New England's wipeout of Oakland, left the Broncos, Chargers and Raiders in a three-team deadlock for first place, all with 3-1 records. "Before the season began," Prothro said in the San Diego dressing room, "I'd have been happy with 3-1 at this point. The Broncos kicked the hell out of us. Well, nobody will go undefeated this season."

Maybe not. After Upset Sunday, only one of the NFL's 28 teams—the Dallas Cowboys—was still undefeated and untied. And for their part, the Cowboys escaped the biggest of all upsets by rallying from 13 points down to defeat the expansion Seattle Seahawks 28-13. Well, there's always next Sunday.

END



Energy for a st

EXXON ANSWERS QUESTIONS ABOUT ONE OF THE NEWEST SOURCES OF ENERGY UNDER THE SUN—THE SUN!

Exxon is putting its years of energy experience to work to turn sunlight into a practical form of energy. We've learned a lot about its potential and its limitations, and we'd like to answer a few questions people have asked.

"What kind of energy do we get from the sun?"

Two kinds—heat and light. The heat can provide energy for heating, cooling and hot water systems. The light can be turned directly into electricity.

The basic technology for using the sun's warmth is known. In fact, solar energy is already being used to heat buildings and homes—almost always along with conventional systems.

Our photo shows an example of a solar project initiated by the Bay State Gas Company. The solar panels on the roof of this Massachusetts house capture the sun's rays for heating and hot water.

"What does it cost to heat a house with the sun?"

Right now a solar heating system can cost you anywhere from \$8,000 to \$20,000. This is in addition to the conventional heating system you'd also need, which would cost about \$2,600 for the average-size house. An auxiliary system is necessary because no one has perfected a way to store enough solar heat to get you through several cloudy days.

"How much do solar systems cost to heat water for sinks, tubs and washers?"

Around \$2,000—about three times more than conventional systems. They would be particularly suitable for people who live in high energy cost areas.

"Why don't more people use solar heating?"

The systems and storage facilities are still expensive to manufacture. And there are other problems.

For instance, installers, maintenance people and distributors have to

be established and trained. Financing methods and warranties have to be worked out. Building codes have to be adapted. And cities have to deal with "sun rights." (What happens if someone builds a tall building that overshadows a smaller one?)

"How much does electricity from the sun cost?"

Systems that turn sunlight directly into electricity are not as widely used as solar heating systems. Because the solar cells required are costly to make, the electricity they produce is quite expensive. At current prices, solar electricity costs roughly \$1.00 to \$3.00 per kilowatt-hour. Compare this to the 2¢ to 6¢ you may now be paying for conventional electricity.

"When will solar power become a major source of energy?"

Possibly in the next century. That's because a considerable amount of technology still has to be developed.

But you may not have to wait that long to get solar heat. Exxon is working to make solar heating systems more economical and available within the next few years.

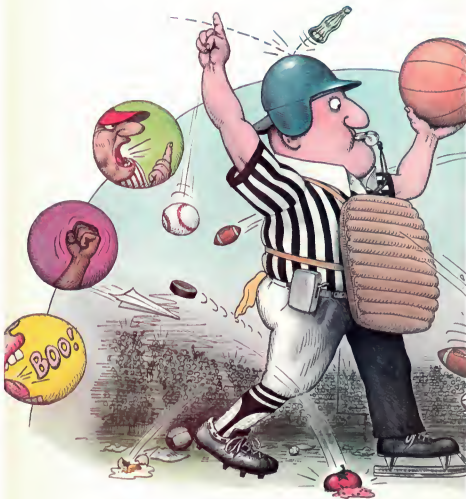
"Why is Exxon involved in solar energy?"

Because we're more than just an oil company. We've been conducting productive research for over 50 years. During that time, we've gained experience, expertise and management skills in energy technology. And we're putting it to work today so that you can put solar energy to work in your home someday.



rong America

NOBODY LOVES



THE RULING CLASS

Whether they're called umpires, referees or judges, those who must decide if it was fair, foul, in, out, over or short are, officially speaking, unappreciated

by FRANK DEFORD

What sort of men become officials? Who needs it? A study of professional basketball officiating by Henry A. Alker of Cornell University and William F. Straub and John Leary of Ithaca College found that the best officials (as rated by peers and coaches) have a personality profile much like the worst. Almost all officials tested showed a high degree of interpersonal "dominance" and "self-acceptance," and a low degree of "flexibility." Wrote the authors: "The person with high self-acceptance . . . can keep cool. And in a profession in which a major, if not the major, stress comes from others doubting the worth of one's judgments, self-acceptance is surely a basic asset. Dominance and self-acceptance have elsewhere . . . been identified as distinctive characteristics of creative individuals, not mediocrities."

A study of pro football officials by Dr. William J. Beausay, a psychologist and an executive director of the Academy for the Psychology of Sports, in Toledo, produced much the same results. Referees were found to be dominant, demanding and self-disciplined, as well as indifferent to pressure—aggressive without being especially competitive. Among American males, they rank only in the 11th percentile in subjectivity, only in the 19th percentile in sympathy, and in the 26th percentile for being "light-hearted." No wonder they're not very happy. "They feel bad," Dr. Beausay says, "because, like athletes, they want to be liked and people won't like them."

TRIVIA

The umpire who made the famous call on Fred Merkle was Hank O'Day. The umpire behind the plate when Eddie Gaedel, Bill Veeck's midget, batted was Ed Hurley.

ECKMAN

Of all officials, basketball referees are virtually the only ones who have become personalities. Football referees are all but anonymous, and while a boxing referee like Ruby Goldstein or a baseball umpire like Bill Klem may become recognized as a name, he rarely becomes established as an

continued



RULING CLASS

continued

individual. Who is the most famous baseball umpire today? Ron Luciano? Probably. Not one fan in a thousand would know who Luciano was if he sat down next to him at a coffee counter. By contrast, any basketball fan would not only recognize Richie Powers or John Vanak or Jake O'Donnell, but would also have a fair knowledge of what the man was like personally from having seen him work on the court. Kids used to do imitations of Mendy Rudolph wiping his brow as surely as they did a Dr. J or an Earl the Pearl.

Rudolph came into prominence at a time when pro basketball had gained a national platform, but colorful characters like Pat Kennedy and Sid Borgia were celebrities long before Mendy ever drew a number in the air. And without doubt no referee anywhere has ever been so well received on and off the court as Charley Eckman. While it seems impossible to attach the word to such a coarse rascal as Eckman, the fact is that he is the one referee in all the world who has become darn near beloved.

At least this is true in his home precincts of Baltimore. Eckman has been honored with three testimonial dinners, and, he explains in his fashion, "They're thinking of giving me a fourth one of the bleeping things." He is the most popular, and unusual, sportscastrer in town. Huge billboards displaying his rough countenance dot the choice locations. Eckman is the comforting spokesman for everything from automobiles to restaurants, banks, beer and power tools. He is the most celebrated after-dinner speaker in town. Says one Baltimorean, "If you listed the most famous people who were born here or worked here—Babe Ruth, the Duchess of Windsor, H. L. Mencken, Johnny Unitas, Spiro Agnew, Blaze Starr, John Wilkes Booth—more people in Baltimore would recognize who Cholly is. This has gotta be the nicest town in the world. You know any other would love a referee?"

Eckman has made it as a personality as he did as an official, simply by being himself. "Handling people is three-fourths of refereeing," he says. "All these yo-yos these days take it too seriously." Once, before a tense NIT final at Madison Square Garden, he showed up on the court in dark glasses. College kids would drop by after games they had lost and thank him for a nice fun game. Fred Zollner, president of the Detroit Pistons, made Eckman an NBA coach on the assumption that he knew the players as well as anybody else. "How you gonna get your team up, Coach?" the Boston press asked before a big game with the Celtics. "Raise the urnals," Cholly replied. He won a divisional championship his first season, but 2½ years later Zollner told Eckman he was "going to make a change in your department."

"Fine," said Cholly. Later he said, "Then I realized I was the only so-and-so in my department." So he went back to calling them on the court—and then on the radio. "No TV," he says. "It's not loose enough. All this 'Do this, do that.' And there's too many fags in it, too." Eckman adlibs all his material, obliterates the English language and makes no bones of the fact that he spends most of his days at racetracks and most of his nights in saloons.

"Life's like basketball, better 'n a movie," Cholly said at the track the other day. "If you fuck one, admit it and keep moving. Wherever you go, Leader, loosen 'em up right away. When I was refing, the first thing I wanted was to let 'em

all know I was going to be there all night, and they weren't going nowhere without me. Then we had some fun. Let's go first class and have some fun, Leader. First class. First class. I like just to sit down in them big seats in front of the plane and watch all them yo-yos go by back to that cave. My wife Wilma says, 'You used to work for a living.' But what's it cost to say hello, Leader, how ya doin', Coach? Loosen 'em up, Leader." He bought another Scotch and wheeled the four horse.

Not long ago, cherry lights on police cars lit up all over Baltimore. Apparently, a bank robbery was in progress in the middle of the night. Actually, Eckman and one of his sponsors were filming a commercial about their new convenient plastic bank cards. Pistols drawn, the first policemen arrived at the bank in their cruiser and saw Eckman standing in the glare of the TV lights. An officer picked up his mike and, in his best Baltimore accent, called in, "Hey now, it ain't no robbery. It's just Cholly Eckman down here playin' wid his card."

FIRST

The first novel about baseball was *The Fairport Nine*, written by one Noah Brooks in 1880. Therein is the first reference to a baseball umpire in fiction:

"Just as the White Bears were going to the second inning, great drops of rain began to fall, and the storm which Captain Sam had been dreading all day was upon them. The girls put up their parasols and umbrellas, and expressed their intention to stay and see the game through, rain or shine. But the umpire, Mr Sylvanus Tilden of North Fairport, called the game, which was accordingly postponed until the next day."

CONNORS

Chuck Connors, the actor, has two distinctions in sports. He broke the backboard warming up before the first NBA game ever played in Boston, and he figured out how to show up a baseball umpire on the field and get away with it. "Umpires got to be stupid to begin with or they wouldn't be in that job," Connors says. "Even if they're right, they're wrong."

In the summer of 1946, when Connors was playing with Newport News (Va.) in the Piedmont League, Lynchburg loaded the bases with one out. The next Lynchburg batter hit a low line drive that Connors, playing first, snared just off the ground. The runners were all moving, so Connors threw the ball to second to easily double up the runner there and end the inning. Connors and his teammates ran off the field. Unfortunately, the umpire had ruled that the batted ball had hit the ground, so Connors had only gotten the out at second. The three other Lynchburg runners came around to score. "I started screaming my lungs out," Connors says. "I got thrown out of the game. After the game I was still boiling. I made up my mind to get even. I told myself: I'm going to get that guy somehow, someday."

A month later the same umpire was handling a Newport News home game when Connors got his chance for revenge after the umpire called a fourth ball on a batter on the visiting team. Wayne Johnson, the pitcher, and Gil Hodges, the catcher, both blew their tops. Connors saw his opportunity. He came running in from first base, arms wav-

ing, and stuck his mouth right up into the umpire's face.

"I started screaming at him—intensely but low," Connors says. "Don't listen to the fans," I told him. "Don't listen to the ballplayers. You're right! You called that bleeping pitch right."

"I'm making big gestures, waving my arms, using great muscular animation with my mouth. To anyone in the stands, it has got to look like I'm eating him out. 'In the meantime,' I told him, 'I want to apologize for screaming at you the last time. You were right then. I'm a little egotistical and insecure, and I wanted to make a good play then. You were right.'"

The fans were screaming. The visiting manager came running out of the dugout, yelling at the poor ump that Connors should be thrown out of the game. "By now, his eyes are going blank," Connors says. "He hears what I'm saying, but he also knows what the fans and the other players must be thinking. I just kept pouring it on. 'Don't listen to Johnson. Don't listen to Hodges. You call 'em good. You're the best bleeping umpire in this league. You and I are the only ones around here who know the score.'"

"He just stood there," Connors says. "He knew he had been had."

BASEBALL

Major league umpires' salaries begin at \$16,000 and rise to \$40,000. They get \$49 a day for hotels, taxis and meals. They work 162 games in 180 days.

SHORT

Richie Powers has written in his book *Overtime!*, "In those days I was a better umpire than basketball referee, and by 1961 I had progressed from Class D to the Triple A International League. ... In the spring of 1962 I happened to meet two National League umpires, Al Barlick and Ed Vargo — and I asked if they had heard anything about Richie Powers the umpire—off the record, of course. They told me they had heard some talk that Richie Powers was too small to umpire in the major leagues. I wasn't surprised, but I was mad as hell. ... It took me a few months to check out the official reports on Richie Powers the umpire. When I found out what Barlick and Vargo had told me ... was indeed the opinion of the people who hired major league umpires, I promptly abandoned my umpiring career, midway through the 1962 season."

Jocko Conlan, in his book *Jocko*: "Tommy," I said, "why didn't you take me up to the American League?"

"I'm sorry, Jocko," Connolly [the supervisor of umpires] said. "The American League thinks you're just a bit too short for an umpire."

"When I think about Connolly and 'short' umpires, it makes me mad. Because the trend is towards big men. ... I don't say the tall men aren't good umpires, but I do say the shorter umpire has an advantage on balls and strikes, particularly on the low pitch at the knees, the toughest call in baseball. The big guy has to bend. The short guy is down there ... he has the better perspective."

CARS

Cheating is apparently widely accepted on the NASCAR circuit. At Daytona several years ago, a stock-car driver named Smokey Yunick brought his vehicle in for inspection. The officials, working diligently that day, even removed Smokey's gas tank in order to measure its capacity, which was limited to 22 gallons. About this time, Smokey started disputing 11 other violations that the inspectors claimed they had already discovered. They would not give in, so Smokey hopped back in his car, slammed the door and squealed out, pointing back over his shoulder at the gas tank, which still lay on the garage floor. "Make it 12," said Smokey.

RUDOLPH

NFL referee teams always work together as a unit, as do the four-man major league baseball umpiring squads. But NBA referees are switched and work with different colleagues from game to game. "There are too many pitfalls to a pairing system," Mendy Rudolph says. "If you do have bad habits, you never break yourself of them because you're working with the same guy all the time. Also, there's a per-

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RABUS



RULING CLASS

continued

sonality conflict. You got to remember that referees do not spend, as ballplayers do, 41 games at home. They're working 82 games out on the road. So with the 82 plus the traveling, you may be on the road maybe 130 days with the same guy. And unless you really get along with each other you're going to have a lot of friction out there."

MAGAZINE

A new magazine, *Referee*, began publication earlier this year. Like *Playboy* with its rabbit, *Referee* has a little whistle on each cover. Referee estimates that there are 150,000 amateur officials in the U.S. The magazine's first story in its inaugural issue was on, of all people, Al McGuire, the Marquette basketball coach, who is invariably arguing with officials and once even drew two technicals in an NCAA final.

HORSES

Chuck Lang, general manager of Pimlico: "You see more claims of foul now in the big races. There is a rule against claiming a frivolous foul, but that is hard to prove, so a kid figures he'll take a shot. What's he got to lose?"

"Films have helped the young rider. He can see what he's doing wrong. And, you know, it's made all the best jockeys clean. There just aren't any more Frito Banditos. In the old days, before film, a guy like Meade—if he got in front, you couldn't get by him. The last good jock to—if this is the word—enjoy a bad reputation in that respect was Manny Ycaza, and, of course, he was involved in probably the most spectacular modern foul claim, down here in the '62 Preakness, when he was on Riddan and Johnny Rotz was on Greek Money. Greek Money won, but as Rotz was bringing him back, I went out there and I said, 'Hey, don't bring him into the winner's circle yet because Ycaza claimed foul.' And Rotz said, 'You got to be kidding. He was sitting on my lap the last quarter mile.' And, of course, the films backed Rotz up, and they fined Ycaza."

NUCOTOLA

The majority of NBA referees come from north of the Mason-Dixon line and east of the state of Ohio. Says John Nucotola, the league's supervisor of officials, "You've got to be tough to take the abuse from the stands. Northeastern people seem to take it better than others, maybe because it seems to be a rougher part of the country and people are exposed more to that kind of pressure in their daily lives."

NHL

National Hockey League officials start at \$11,500 and can work their way up to \$40,000. They also get \$24 a day in expenses; the league pays hotel and air fare. They work 80 games. Their ages range from 19 to 40.

CATFISH

Until very recently, the most famous man in baseball with the nickname of "Catfish" was Bill Klem. He was a great horse player, and after quitting baseball in 1928, lost a great sum of money at the track and had to return to umping.

GEORGE

Alex George of Kansas City is a retired official who

worked 10 bowl games and six NCAA basketball tournaments. About 20 years ago, he officiated a game between Detroit and Wichita. Detroit, down one point with four seconds to go, had the ball out of bounds. Wichita's arena was then in a tough part of the town, and a lot of the fans had been drinking. George watched one Detroit player throw the ball in to another, who shot. At that moment George looked up and saw that a Wichita fan had thrown an overcoat over the basket. The ball hit the coat and the gun went off.

"I was working with Cliff Ogden, but the call was mine," George says. "What are you going to call it, Alex?" he asked me. I told him, 'It's 130 feet to our dressing room, and I'm not going to call it anything until we both get to the door.' When we got there I called it a basket."

"A friend of mine named Joe Peters wanted for me outside. We didn't come out for a long time and when we did, Joe said he'd carry my bag to the car. We started off and a woman walked up and looked at Joe and said, 'You worked a beautiful game all right,' and then she began beating him with her umbrella. Joe started to point at me, but before he could say anything, I said, 'That's right, you did work a beautiful game.' After all, he'd already been hit. There was no sense for me to get beaten, too."

RUSSELL

Bill Russell, Seattle SuperSonics coach, on the possibility of having women referees in the NBA: "Incompetence should not be confined to one sex."

JONS

In the old days, here is what baseball umpires used to do in the off-season: Tim Lauer refereed fights. Bob Emslie was a trapshooter. Scotty Robb ran a printing business. George Moriarty wrote songs. Al Barlick was a coal miner. Frank Dascoli was a Connecticut state trooper. Dolly Stark was the basketball coach at Dartmouth. Bill Grieve was assistant supervisor of recreation in Yonkers. Cy Rigler (who originated the upraised arm for a strike) was a policeman and a fireman. Bill Guthrie was a steam fitter. Jocko Conlan owned a flower shop. Jack Sheridan was an undertaker. The raucous journeyman infielder Germany Schafer used to lead cronies to Sheridan's mortuary and intone in a sepulchral voice through a ventilator, "Your time has come, Jack Sheridan." In a game at Detroit, when Sheridan made a bad call, Schafer turned at the plate and said it again, "Your time has come, Jack Sheridan." Sheridan threw him out of the game.

Nowadays, here is what some baseball umpires do in the off-season: Marty Springstead is a bank teller. Dave Phillips and Doug Harvey referee basketball. Bruce Froemming works in a Milwaukee brewery. Jerry Dale, who has a master's in math, teaches school. Jim Evans and Doug Harvey sell real estate. Larry McCoy is a farmer in Arkansas. Nick Colosi, formerly a maître d' at the Copacabana, is a special policeman at Madison Square Garden. Dave Davidson is a probation officer. Nestor Chylak, at 54 the senior umpire in the American League, makes speeches. Dick Stello teaches at umpire's school. Stello is married to a stripper, Chesty Morgan, who boasts a 73-inch bust.

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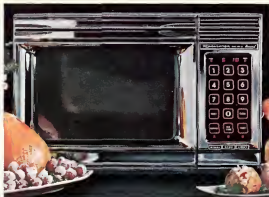
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RULING CLASS

continued

APPLESALCE

NHL Referee Andy van Hellemond puts applesauce on virtually everything he eats at every meal.

WORK

Of the 84 men who were regular NFL officials last year, almost half spent their weekdays as businessmen or salesmen. Another eight were in insurance, but there was only one banker. Twenty-three were employed in education, as either teachers or coaches—or, in some cases, both. Six were involved in social or youth work. Three were lawyers, one was a landscape architect. There were also one pharmacist, one special-apparatus wireman, one airport director, one safety specialist and one baseball minor league general manager.

ASHE

Arthur Ashe has written in his book *Portrait in Motion*. "Many Southern Europeans accept cheating as the natural order of things and really cannot comprehend how that philosophy either surprises or offends us. Whitney Reed once told me a story about a time in Rome when a little linesman robbed him blind, eventually costing him the match with his outrageous calls. A few months passed, and at Wimbledon a stranger came up to Whitney and gave him a warm greeting. Whitney had to admit that he didn't recognize the man, whereupon the stranger replied, 'Don't you remember me, Mr. Reed? I'm the linesman from Rome who made all those bad calls that cost you the match.' And he said it just like that, altogether sprightly and amiably."

BAKER

Russell Baker wrote in *The New York Times Magazine*. "Not long ago, a New York woman I know awoke one morning and discovered her eyebrows were out. I don't mean they stepped out for a drink before breakfast. Even in New York, eyebrows aren't doing that sort of thing yet."

"What had happened was that this woman's eyebrows had been called out by an umpire of fashion just as definitively as a base runner given the thumb in a close call at home plate. In this case, the umpire was a journal called *W* which calls balls, strikes and failed slides in the game of high-income chic....

"New York is filled with umpires like
continued

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this who can settle your hash to the city's complete satisfaction with a whimsical wave of the thumb. Clive Barnes of *The New York Times* umpires the theater. *The New York Review of Books* and *Commentary* umpire liberal intellectual orthodoxy. *New York* magazine umpires middle-brow chic. *Ms.* magazine umpires feminism. . . .

FOOTBALL

NFL officials make from \$325 to \$575 a game. All have one-year contracts. Their average age is 47. They are permitted to travel first class and receive \$60 per week for hotel, meals and incidental expenses. No drinking is allowed from the time an official leaves his home. Their work on the field is rated by the NFL in these areas: 1) judgment, 2) game control, 3) position and coverage, 4) reaction under pressure and 5) decisiveness. An official who enters the league at one position (umpire, line judge, head linesman, back judge or field judge) is almost

certain to remain in that position unless he moves up to referee.

NHL

The consensus among NHL officials is that almost no serious hockey injuries are caused by fists. Apparently, this is why fights are viewed so casually in the league. Sticks are something else, however, and there is growing sentiment to clear "the stickmen" out of the NHL. One player the referees scrutinize is Steve Durbano of the new Denver team (formerly Kansas City). Durbano will go after anyone. Once he picked a fight with the man who ran his Junior A team in Ontario. The man was his father. In referee's parlance, Durbano "isn't wrapped too tight."

But Dave Schultz, who was recently traded to the Los Angeles Kings from the Philadelphia Flyers and is the best-known tough guy in the league, actually draws the ire of officials more for his tongue than for his "Dave the Hammer" brawls.

COURSE

From the handbook of the Specialized Umpire Training Course (St. Petersburg, Fla.):

"Welcome to the greatest occupation in the world, that of the Professional Umpire. . . .

FACTS ABOUT UMPIRES

ARE HARD TO BELIEVE

It is estimated that an umpire, in one nine-inning game:

Calls 288 balls and strikes

Calls 64 players safe or out (all bases)

Calls 56 players safe or out (first base)

Gets hit by hit or pitched ball once

Spends \$125.10 on personal equipment. . . .

And he is not permitted to make one mistake.

An infielder must play 32 games of errorless fielding to have as many opportunities as an umpire in one game of calling balls and strikes.

A batter must hit safely every time he is at bat in 18½ games to be as good as

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the umpire is expected to be in his calls at first base in one game."

BONES

A few recollections about referees from Bones McKinney, the former Wake Forest coach, who first wore a seat belt on the bench:

"The first time I wore that belt I stayed there for 11 minutes and some seconds. Then my assistant leaned over to me and said, 'Fox [the ref] needs some chewing out.' He hadn't done anything wrong, we just needed a big foul. So I did it, and we got the next shot."

"Once, against Princeton, I scuffed my shoe on the floor, and it flew off and landed at midcourt. And I had to go get it. Princeton is coming on a fast break. And as I got my shoe, my pencil fell out of my pocket. Finally, when I got back to the bench, the referee called a technical. I asked him what for and he told me, and I told him a few words, and he said, 'I thought you were a preacher.' And so I said, 'Hell, I thought you were a referee, too.' That was two techs."

"Against Kentucky one night we were one point down at halftime, but The Baron [Coach Adolph Rupp of Kentucky] didn't even go with his team to the locker room. He stayed with the officials. We got blown out the second half, and those referees didn't know who we were. When it was over, I started calling the officials Dr. This and Dr. That, and finally the referee says to me, 'Why are you calling me a doctor, Coach? I'm not a doctor.' And I said, 'Well, you certainly did a surgical job on us tonight.'"

"What I always wanted was a kid named Homer Smith or Homer Jones. I didn't want him to be a very good player. I just wanted to put him in at the end of the games on the road so I could yell 'Homer! Homer!' at the top of my lungs and the referees couldn't do anything about it."

MISS

Perhaps the most inexplicable missed call in sports came at a Rams-Bears game a few years ago when a member of the sideline crew flipped the down marker inadvertently. The error was not noted by the other officials, by the coaches or players, by the press or any of the 80,000 fans. It was caught after the game when someone was going over the play-by-play. The crew was suspended for one

game and barred from working playoffs.

RUN

In a typical pro basketball game, a referee doing a good job will move about five miles, much of it on the dead run.

YAZ

American League Umpire Ron Luciano is the most talkative of the species. When Carl Yastrzemski came to the plate in an important pennant-race game in 1975, he didn't want to be distracted by Luciano's usual idle chatter. So, as he stepped in, he said, "I'm fine. My wife's fine. The kids are all fine. It's a nice day. Let me hit in peace."

CULTURE

Criticism of officials appears to be deeper and more widespread than at any time in recent years. In fact, the quality of officiating has probably fallen off, because so many new teams, even new leagues, have been added without adequate programs to develop referees and umpires. Even the best officials seem to stumble upon the profession, rather than point for it.

It seems, however, that the recent violent criticism of officials is far out of proportion to any possible decline in their ability. Dr. Arnold Mandell of the department of psychiatry at the University of California San Diego suggests there are cultural reasons to account for this phenomenon. "Athletics is a conservative culture and lags behind the style of the day," he says, "and it's my theory that what you've got is the back end of the youth movement of the '60s. Now, finally, athletes are getting activist, talking about officials, their rights, contracts—you name it. It's like the college kids a few years ago, when you could take a class in overthrowing the government. Call it a transient wave, an utter disregard for the structure of authority. Athletes were just a little slow coming around."

Adds Dr. Marc Shatz, a clinical psychologist, who has counseled athletes in his Los Angeles office, "Officials obviously represent the law, and when you have the kind of breakdown in respect for those who make and enforce the law as we've had in the last few years, what follows isn't exactly rational. Combine that irrationality with the fact that the athlete needs to act out his aggres-

sive feelings and impulses, and the official has become nothing more than a sacrificial lamb."

GIRLS

Former National League Umpire Chris Pelekoudas made these remarks about women umpires to Jerome Holtzman of the Chicago Sun-Times:

"A woman's mind isn't trained like ours. She couldn't take those decisions. No way."

"The female mind will not work that fast. The female mind will not have the intestinal fortitude to stand up to the guff that these players would give them. And when I say intestinal fortitude, I mean a four-letter word called guts."

POWERS

Rochae Powers says in *Overtime*, "I always tell young officials in the NBA that they ought to use polysyllabic words whenever possible during their debates with players and coaches. Polysyllabic words not only command prompt attention but, in the heat of the moment, can often leave people speechless."

MOOSE

Bill Klem was the umpire in a Giant-Phillie game of April 25, 1913. The score was tied 0-0 in the 10th with no one out and Fred Merkle on third for the Giants. Moose McCormick was sent in to pinch-hit for the pitcher, and as he stepped to the plate, Klem turned to announce him to the crowd. Grover Cleveland Alexander, not noticing this, threw a fastball. McCormick lined it safely to left and Merkle trotted home with the winning run. Klem kept on announcing the new batter. McCormick went to the clubhouse, undressed and got in the shower. Klem went after him and told him he had not finished his introduction when McCormick had swung. Therefore the ball had not been in play. Klem returned and finished his introduction. Merkle was sent back to third. McCormick, dried and dressed, returned and swung again. He grounded to first, and the first baseman threw Merkle out at the plate. The game was called after 11 innings on account of darkness. The score was still 0-0.

This is still the only recorded instance in the major leagues of a winning run being nullified because an umpire's back was turned.

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HOWE

About 15 years ago, Gordie Howe skated over to a referee, Frank Udvari, and told him, "Frank, you're the second-best referee in the league." Before Udvari could ask him who the best was, Howe added, "All the rest are tied for No. 1."

HOWELL

Jim Howell, the first black man to officiate an NCAA basketball championship game, quit refereeing in the middle of last season. He had been an official for 13 years and was only 35—at the top of his profession. Howell quit after he worked the Maryland-North Carolina game, which the Tarheels won 95-93. In the last seconds, a Maryland player tripped over a Carolina player on a fast break. No foul was called. Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell charged Howell's partner. The Maryland fans shouted obscenities at the refs.

"The coaches and players, you can control them," Howell says. "You have the technical foul to use. But I was tired of the constant abuse after games. I was afraid I might try to retaliate. Coaches control the crowds, they set the atmosphere. A lot of them seem to think referees are cheating them. No official willfully cheats somebody."

Apparently there was a foul on the last-second play. "We just never saw it," Howell says. "If it happened, it should have been a foul. But even if we missed it, I don't think the world should come to an end."

Howell was one of the U.S. referees who toured China with a U.S. team in 1974. "The Chinese played hard," he says, "but when it was over, they were our friends. It was great. Their motto was 'Friendship first, competition second.' I've become, I guess, disillusioned with sports in the United States."

SCHOLARSHIP

A year ago, under the urging of Bill Russell, the NBA general managers voted 18-0 for a plan that would have each team contribute money toward sending 10 would-be officials to college every year. The young men would receive officiating instruction during the summer. Some would be cut from the plan if their grades or officiating abilities were not up to par, but at least a few would be able to move into the NBA after graduation.

"Everybody in all sports is always on

the officials, but none has a program for developing them," Russell says. "If we spent the same money, percentage-wise, on officials that we do on players, we could develop competent refs, make it where it becomes an honorable profession."

The plan would cost each club less than \$5,000 a year. Since it was unanimously approved by the general managers, not one move has been made to implement it.

BILLS

Some NHL referees did not begin using whistles until the 1930s. Before that, they tinkled bells at offenders.

ROLL

The honor roll. Umpire Billy McLean was attacked in the Polo Grounds, 1884. Jack Sheridan was beaten unconscious, Milwaukee, 1894. Phil Powers protected himself with a drawn revolver until police arrived, Philadelphia, 1888. Billy Evans had his skull fractured by a thrown bottle in a Detroit-St. Louis game in 1907. Some years later, he was severely thrashed by Ty Cobb in a fight under the grandstand. Tim Hurst once threw a beer mug back at a fan, injured a spectator and was fined \$25. John Gaffney could not umpire a Buffalo-New York game in 1884, because one of the players had slugged him the day before in his hotel. In 1938, Charlie Moran was hit by a thrown ball that broke his dental plate. A Western League player named Jim Mertlick was fined \$25 for biting Umpire Estie Wells during an argument. Buck Owens was the only umpire Babe Ruth ever punched. In his autobiography, *Standing the Gaff*, Steinbom Johnson, a famous minor league ump, estimated that during his career 4,000 bottles were thrown at him, with 20 finding the mark.

On the other hand, few messed with Umpire George Magerkurth. Magerkurth—6'3", 250 pounds, known as Meathead: "he had the expression of a stern baby... a remarkable resemblance to President Hoover"—fought professionally, played pro football and was the end man in a minstrel show in Moline, Ill. On June 9, 1925, Magerkurth bopped Billy Webb, manager of Buffalo's International League team, for employing abusive language. After the game, the two men fought, and both

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(continued)

were arrested. On April 25, 1927, Magerkurth, then umpiring in the American Association, visited the room of Iv Griffin, the Milwaukee first baseman, and demanded an apology for a name he'd been called. When Griffin was not sufficiently contrite, Magerkurth sent him to the hospital with a dislocated shoulder, which kept Griffin out of baseball for a month. Magerkurth was fined \$25 and sentenced to 30 days in jail. The sentence was suspended. On July 16, 1939, when Magerkurth was umpiring in the National League, Billy Jurgens of the Giants spit in his face and tried to punch him. Magerkurth slapped Jurgens good. Both men drew 10-day suspensions and were fined \$150 apiece.

NBA

NBA refs earn from \$18,000 to \$45,000. The 22 men who work full time (82 games) also get \$800 a month in expenses for food and hotels. There are also three part-timers who work at least 40 games. The turnover rate is high.

REPLAY

A poll taken by the New York Daily News showed that for every fan who does not want sports disputes settled by instant replay, there are four who do. Younger fans and those who live in the suburbs especially favored replays.

ENDER

Jocko Conlin, in Jocko, on umpiring:

"You often hear people say that umpiring is a lonely life. It isn't that at all. It's not lonely. You meet lots of fine people. I made friends all over the country that I never would have met if I hadn't been umpiring. But it's an uncomfortable life. In any other business, if you meet somebody and they find out what you do for a living, it's accepted. Nobody thinks much about it one way or the other. But when people find out you're an umpire, they automatically feel they have to criticize you, kiddingly or seriously. You go out and work as hard and as honestly as you can on a ball field, and you're on your way home, or back to your hotel (because you never are home; you're always on the road going from one town to the next), and you find yourself being abused by strangers for doing your job the way you're supposed to do it, criticized by people who don't know the first thing about it."

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Yesterday

by CHARLES PRICE

**MR. JIM MADE A MILLION FROM A CASINO
BROOKING NO BOOZE, WOMEN OR GUNS**

A lot of people in Las Vegas and Reno today think my father must have been a genius. A lot of others in the under-grounds of New York, Philadelphia, Palm Beach and Miami during the '30s and '40s thought he was nuts.

My father was a professional gambler. No, not the kind who tries to beat the horses or hustle you at gin rummy. My father was a real pro. For almost 30 years he was the manager of the Maryland Athletic Club, which was one step across the District of Columbia line in Prince Georges County, where the law has always been winked at. It was the largest, most sophisticated casino between Saratoga and Havana. Nobody ever called it the Maryland Athletic Club. It was always known as Jimmy's Place—or simply Jimmy's—and if you used either of

those names, any cabbie in Washington would know immediately where you wanted to be taken.

Once you got near Jimmy's, you couldn't miss it, even though there was no sign out front. It sat there mysteriously silent, surrounded by a 10-foot board fence on three sides and a spur of the Pennsylvania Railroad on the fourth. It had a well-used seven-acre parking lot, evidence enough that the casino was popular among Washington's gentry.

I say gentry because my father ran his club for the elite. He had three strict rules. It was these rules that made gamblers of his day think he was crazy and gamblers of today think he was a man alone when it came to running a gaming house. The rules were: no women, no booze, no guns. As far as I know, no other casino has operated under such stringent regulations. The result was that my father's place had an almost funeral silence about it, broken only by the dealers saying *sotto voce*, "The point is four, gentlemen," or some such thing. I have been in cathedrals that were noisier.

The casino was a big, ugly barn of a building three stories tall with hardly a window in it. There was only one door, and it was guarded by a platoon of heavies, the biggest of whom was a flush-faced Irishman who easily weighed 300 pounds. Everybody who entered was frisked. There were no exceptions to this rule, even if the visitor happened to be J. Edgar Hoover. This held true for Congressmen and such celebrities as comedian Joe E. Lewis. They even used to frisk me. While one man was doing this, another would scan a large picture frame filled with photographs of men who were *persona non grata*, perhaps because they once had been drunk or boisterous, or both, but more likely because they had lost more money than they could afford. It was not uncommon for a weeping woman to show up at the door and claim that her husband had blown their life savings the night before. To get a refund, the wife had to bring back a snapshot of her husband and agree to make sure that he would never return to the casino. This was a practice other casino operators considered laughable, but that made no difference to my father, not even after one of those wives turned out to be a prostitute who had rolled a

customer after he had left the place.

When a patron had been frisked, he was allowed to pass through another, steel-plated, door. This led to an elevator that took him to the third floor, where all the action was. One wall was covered with the entries for every horse race at every track in the country outside the state of Maryland that was holding a meeting. The limit on bets was \$50, but the house paid track odds, another unheard-of practice at casinos then. Out of deference to the state, my father closed down the casino whenever one of the major Maryland tracks was open. In those days their meetings lasted only a few weeks.

In the middle of the room were seven craps tables that always buzzed with business, and a gambler was expected to curb his enthusiasm even if he rolled 10 straight 7s. Behind them were three blackjack tables and a lone card table reserved for employees, who played a game of hearts from the minute the place opened until it closed. Dealers and ladder men worked an hour and a half, then took 30 minutes off. Hearts was their favorite game because a man could get in or out at any time. Another room was used for the customers' poker games, of which the house took a percentage of the pot. Next to the hearts table were three roulette tables, plus a smaller table for Bird Cage, a nickname for Chuck-A-Luck, which I never learned how to play. As a matter of fact, to this day I can't play gin rummy without dropping the cards on the floor. Cardplaying was not forbidden at our house, you just never play when your dad is a professional. And my father was a pro all right. Many gamblers have told me he was the best cardplayer they ever saw.

There was one exception to the no-cards-at-home rule. My mother once tried to start a bridge club among the neighborhood ladies. My father, who despised the game, nevertheless allowed himself to be talked into teaching them bridge one rainy afternoon when the casino was closed. After two hours of shaking his head in disbelief and tearing at what little hair he had left, he stalked out of the house, jumped into his black Cadillac and roared off to a saloon, where he spent the rest of the afternoon quaffing beer with his favorite drinking com-

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YESTERDAY continued

parsons; racetrack toots, off-duty cops and free-lance bookmakers.

The second floor of my father's casino contained a lunch counter, presided over by a young black woman. To my knowledge, she is the only female who ever set foot in the place when it was open for business, and it was open all afternoon and all night long, except Sundays or when the Maryland tracks were running.

My father's office was also on the second floor. Next to it was a *pied-à-terre* kept for my father's boss, James A. La Fontaine, after whom Jimmy's Place was named. La Fontaine was known as Mr. Jim, out of respect for his age, or as Links to his close friends and employees.

Mr. Jim's apartment had a tiny bedroom that opened on a once sumptuous living room that fell into a comfortable state of decay during his last years. The walls were decorated with large, framed photographs of every heavyweight boxing champion from John L. Sullivan to Joe Louis, who retired the year Mr. Jim died at the age of 82. Mr. Jim knew them all. He loved every kind of fighting, even to the point of going clear to Havana to watch cockfights. But he never let on about his acquaintanceships. Like my father, he made it a rule not to consort with athletes or sportswriters for fear his presence might be misconstrued by the public.

My father was not a character, at least not in the flamboyant way the public expects gamblers to be. Indeed, his dress was so conservative, his manner so sedate, his air so lofty that many of my friends were under the impression that he was a lawyer or a doctor.

On the other hand, Mr. Jim, a millionaire, gave those who did not know him the impression that he was one step from being a bum. He invariably wore suits, but he always seemed to have on the coat from one with the trousers from another. This state of disarray was enhanced by the fact that his clothes always needed pressing. He did not have the patience to tie a necktie, so he seldom wore one. His short stature was accentuated by the natural stoop of age, and he had a handsome head of pure white hair and a pink complexion—pink, that is, on those rare occasions when he didn't need a shave. Altogether, he gave the impression of being a benign gnome looking for a handout.

Mr. Jim slept, ate and drank whenever he felt like it. He hardly ever went

to bed before dawn, and he never awoke until noon. His breakfast was invariably the same: a bowl of Wheaties, three fingers of Scotch and a Havana cigar that would have made an ape sick.

Mr. Jim's home was even more disreputable than his apartment. It was a ramshackle row house on the fringe of Foggy Bottom with cheap lace curtains, tired, overstuffed furniture, bric-a-brac all over the place and the odor of dust and cigar smoke embedded in every nook and cranny. Here he lived on a come-and-go basis for more than half a century with his wife, Miss Annie. Incredibly, Mr. Jim did not even own the house. He paid rent, which in the '40s soared to a high of \$42 a month. Sometime after the First World War he got into an argument with the landlord over who should pay to have the house electrified. It was nearly 1930 before the debate was settled, and that was one of the few arguments Mr. Jim ever lost.

A great movie fan, Mr. Jim thought nothing of seeing two or three films a day. Never one for carrying much—if any—money (which may account for the fact that he was never held up), he sometimes had to beg his way into the theater, which wasn't hard, because most of the cashiers knew him. He would pay them later. If that didn't work, it wasn't difficult for him to find a cabbie who knew him. Mr. Jim would borrow a buck from the driver and give him a marker for five, which the cabbie could turn in to the doorman at the casino.

Of the several cars owned by the club, Mr. Jim favored a four-door Cadillac over the limousines, which were used to drive big winners home at night if they felt they needed protection. He had a driver named Stodey, who could have been called a chauffeur in only the broadest definition of that term. Stodey usually was found taking a nap behind the wheel while he waited for Mr. Jim outside a movie, or while he spent half the night sipping Scotch and Mountain Valley Water at some obscure bar. Stodey, in fact, not only took naps behind the wheel of Mr. Jim's car while he was parked; sometimes he took them when the car was moving.

One night while driving Mr. Jim to Atlantic City, Stodey dozed off in suburban Baltimore. He was stopped by a cop, who was under the impression that the weaving of the car meant that Stodey was drunk. He was also speeding, at Mr. Jim's

continued

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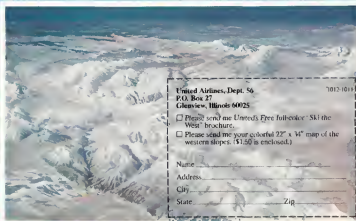
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YESTERDAY continued

insistence: the old man wanted to catch a nightclub act that was to begin at midnight. Stodey pleaded innocent. He had been dozing because Mr. Jim had been running him ragged for two days and speeding because Mr. Jim was in a hurry. "Is that right, mister?" said the cop, shining his flashlight into the backseat at Mr. Jim.

"He's lying," Mr. Jim replied. "I'm just a hitchhiker he picked up three blocks ago." At that, Mr. Jim climbed out of the car and walked away. A block farther on he found a service station, where he called for a cab and hired the man to drive him to the nightclub, 150 miles away. It was two days before an exasperated Stodey caught up with him.

One morning my father told me that Mr. Jim wanted to see me, and he took me to the club. I had just graduated from college, so Mr. Jim felt congratulations were in order. We walked into his apartment and found him wearing a threadbare bathrobe and a pair of slippers so worn his toes poked through them. We chatted for a while with my father, who then excused himself to go to work.

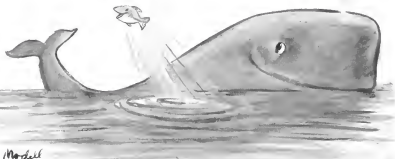
"Do you like brook trout?" Mr. Jim asked me in a way I took to be an invitation to lunch. When I replied yes, he said, "Fine. I know a little place that serves the best in the East." We climbed into the Cadillac with Stodey behind the wheel.

That little place turned out to be an inn in Stroudsburg, Pa., 300 miles away. Mr. Jim was right, too. It served the best brook trout in the East or, at any rate, the best I had ever eaten. My taste buds may have been a little less critical than usual, because it was past 6 p.m. when we sat down to lunch.

After that, Mr. Jim decided we should go somewhere for a drink. Somewhere turned out to be a corner bar in Atlantic City, 150 miles away, where we spent the night exchanging inanities with three B-girls while Mr. Jim outdrank all of us. He gave the girls \$50 each, which he borrowed from Stodey, for their company, then told Stodey to take us back to the casino in Maryland. I don't know who drove me home from there. I was too tired to care.

At the height of Prohibition, Mr. Jim had been kidnapped by some out-of-town racketeers for \$40,000 ransom. Three men spirited him, blindfolded, to a backwoods cottage in Virginia. There they waited for three days, but nobody offered

continued



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YESTERDAY continued

to pay Mr. Jim's ransom. That bothered Mr. Jim not at all. He whiled away the time napping, telling stories and puffing on his Havanas. To kill time, he suggested that they play some hearts. Mr. Jim beat them out of several thousand dollars for which he took a marker.

On the fifth day the kidnappers began getting nervous. Mr. Jim, on the other hand, was enjoying himself immensely. He was playing cards against three of the biggest posies he had ever seen. Finally, one of the men blew his stack. "Why doesn't somebody pay your ransom?" he demanded. "That's easy," said Mr. Jim. "I'm the only guy I know who's got \$40,000, and nobody knows where I keep my money. But I'll tell you what: You take me home, and I'll get your money for you."

The kidnappers looked at him in disbelief. Then they turned to each other and shrugged their shoulders, as if to ask what they had to lose. They drove Mr. Jim to his row house, the sight of which must have convinced them that he had pulled a fast one on them. But, true to his word, Mr. Jim strolled into the house, kissed Miss Annie on the cheek as though he had been away on a business trip, then walked back to the car with 40 thousand-dollar bills. He counted out 36 of them and tucked the other four back in his pocket. "These are what you owe me for the hearts game," he said and walked away.

Mr. Jim died late in November of 1949, about a month after my father, Jimmy's Place never opened again. Three days after Mr. Jim's death, his attorney took three members of the Internal Revenue Service to Mr. Jim's home. In the living room, he pulled back a curtain that covered a shelf. On it sat a safe so small a 12-year-old could have walked off with it. Inside was \$1,300,000 in cash, which was just part of Mr. Jim's total estate of \$2,245,430.84, most of which, also in cash, was scattered all over town.

Months of haggling preceded the sale of the property on which Jimmy's Place stood. Finally it was sold to a company that wanted to turn it into a frozen-food storage center. It took the wreckers weeks to raze the old barn, which proved to be as strong as a medieval fortress. When the work was all done, Walter Haight, the racing writer for *The Washington Post*, reported, "Well, they finally closed down Jimmy's Place, but, by God, they had to do it the hard way."

END

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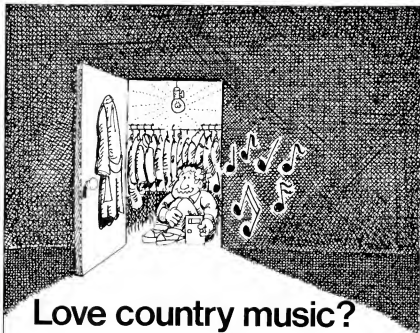
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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

This season may be best remembered for having its most spectacular races after the schedule was concluded. That's because this was the year baseball took a swift kick in its reserve clause, and that enabled 29 players to play out their options. They are now free agents and can sit back while clubs spring toward them with lucrative offers. Fortunately, there was more to the season than this, especially in the final week, which was filled with dramatic moments.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

In this Bicentennial year it is fitting that the Phillies came out on top for the first time in 26 seasons. And after their early-September slump, the Phils finished with a flourish, winning seven of their last eight games to end up with a 9-game lead over the Pirates. Two of those victories were earned last week by Jim Lonnberg, who amassed 18 wins in an extraordinary comeback season. Another went to Steve Carlton (20-7). Mike Schmidt drove in his 107th run and hit his 38th homer. That blast made him the first man since Ralph Kiner in 1951 to win three successive major league home-run titles. Across the state in Pittsburgh, Pirate GM Joe Brown and Manager Danny Morttaugh, who had six first-place finishes and won two World Series during the 60s and '70s, both announced their retirements. Finishing strong were New York, which took 25 of its last 40 games and Chicago, which bumped St. Louis out of fourth place with a 36-29 spurt. Jerry Koosman won 21 games for the third-place Mets. Skip Lockwood had 19 saves and Dave Kingman hit 37 homers. Ray Burns of the Cubs, who was 4-11 on July 18, wrapped up a sparkling resurgence by ending up 15-13. And Bill Madlock (.339) took his second straight batting title by going 4 for 4 in his last game to nose out Ken Griffey (.336) of the Reds, who went 6 for 2. The Cardinals' Lou Brock, 37, hit .301 and stole 56 bases—leaving him 27 shy of Ty Cobb's career mark of 892. Despite 235 hitting by the Expos, Woodie Fryman was 13-13. Overachievers abound for Western Division-winning Cincinnati. RBI champ George Foster and double-dip Joe Morgan and Pete Rose are among the leading MVP candidates. Also in the running is Reliever Rawley Eastwick (11-5, 26 saves and a 2.08 ERA). Forty years to the day after he had his only at bat in the big leagues, Walter Alston, 64, retired as skipper of the Dodgers. In 23 years his teams came out on

top seven times and won four World Series. A longtime Dodger coach, Tom Lasorda, will manage Los Angeles in 1977. Steve Garvey became the first Dodger to get 200 hits in three consecutive years. In Houston the Astros rebounded from their worst season (64-97) to wind up third with an 80-82 record. Bob Watson batted .313 and had 302 RBIs, and in the Astros' finale, Pitcher James Rodney Richard homered, beat the Giants 10-1 and became a 20-game winner. Two Padres have excellent chances to win postseason awards. Randy Jones (22-14 and a 2.74 ERA) could get the Cy Young and Reliever Bruce Metzger (11-4, 16 saves) is the front-runner for Rookie of the Year. John Montefusco of San Francisco tossed a no-hitter last week against Atlanta. Atlanta Pitching Coach Herm Starrette came through with the most vital "have" of the year. When Manager Dave Bristol gagged on a piece of ham and began turning blue, it was Starrette who saved him from choking to death.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

In the closest of the divisional races, Oakland took the first two games of a three-game series against first-place Kansas City. Vida Blue earned his 18th victory in the opener 5-3, and Mike Torrez won 1-0 for his 14th. That cut the Royals' lead to 2½ games. Desperate for pitching help, the Royals called on Larry Gura in the final game. Making only his second start of the year, Gura stopped the A's 4-0. Two days later the Royals clinched first place when Frank Tanana (19-10) of the Angels outdueled Blue and beat the A's 2-0 with the help of a 12th-inning homer by Rusty Torres. Going into the last day of play, the batting race was a classic. Hal McRae of the Royals was hitting .330784, teammate George Brett (.330731) and Red Carraway of the Twins (.329). It was Brett (.33331

who prevailed by going 3 for 4 on Sunday while McRae (.3321) and Carraway (.3311) were both 2 for 4. Brett's clinching hit was an inside-the-park homer on his final swing. Among those being touted for the Cy Young Award was Minnesota Reliever Bill Campbell (17-5, 20 saves, 3.01 ERA). California's Nolan Ryan, 10-17 on Aug. 28, downed Chicago 3-0 and Oakland 1-0, both on two hits to bring his record to 17-18. After replacing Dick Williams as manager on July 23, Norm Sherry compiled a 37-29 record and brought the Angels from last place to fourth. Texas led for most of the opening month, then sagged badly. The Rangers batted only .250, and their 80 homers placed them ninth in the league. With Bill Veck back, Chicago attendance climbed by more than 164,000 to 914,945. To lure more fans next year and to escape the cellar, Veck knows what he needs: better players. He is contemplating a scouting mission to Cuba during which he apparently hopes to convince Fidel Castro to let the White Sox sign some of the talented young Cuban players. Trades enabled New York to conquer the East. Mickey Rivers (.312, 95 runs, 43 steals) and Ed Fingers (19-10, 3.02 ERA) were obtained from California for Bobby Bonds. Dock Ellis, late of the Pirates, was 17-8. Longtime Yankee Catcher Thurman Munson became the only player in either league to bat .300 and drive in 100 runs in each of the last two seasons. Baltimore was the only team in the majors with two two-game winners: Jim Palmer (22-13) and Wayne Garland (20-7). Dave Little and Jim Kern combined for 36 saves, but Cleveland could not keep Boston from snatching third place. The Red Sox were not the dynamic team of 1975, despite Luis Tiant (21-12) and Carl Yastrzemski (1102 RBIs). Fred Lynn, last season's MVP, hit .314 and had 65 RBIs—down 17 points and 40 RBIs. Boston's other rookie sensation of a year ago, Jim Rice, hit .282 and drove in 82 runs—drops of 27 points and 20 RBIs. Detroit had two of the most dazzling performers.

Ron LeFlore put together an early-season 30-game hitting streak, then along came rookie Mark (The Bird) Fidrych, who last week beat Cleveland 4-0 and Milwaukee 4-1 to raise his record to 19-9, win the league ERA title with 2.34 and virtually sew up the Rookie of the Year award. For Milwaukee it was a sad season that included a last-place finish and the end of Henry Aaron's 23-year career. Aaron hit .229, with 10 homers. His final tally 755. **END**

THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NATIONAL LEAGUE

BATTING

Average	Brett, K.C.	.333
Runs	White, N.Y.	104
RBIs	May, Balt.	109
Hits	Brett, K.C.	215
Homers	Nettel, N.Y.	32
Steals	North, Oak.	75

Madlock, Chi.	139
Rose, Cinc.	120
Foster, Cinc.	121
Rose, Cinc.	215
Schmidt, Phil.	38
Lopes, L.A.	63

PITCHING

Wins	Palmer, Balt.	22
ERA	Fidrych, Det.	2.34
Shutouts	four tied with six	

Jones, S.D.	22
Denny, St. L.	2.52
Montefusco, S.F.	6
Seaver, N.Y.	235
Eastwick, Cinc.	26

Strikeouts	Ryan, Cal.	327
Saves	Lyle, N.Y.	23

years his teams came out on

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

AS SHE IS SPOKE—AND WRIT

Sir:

I concur with Edwin Newman's article (*Regulated to the Bench*, *Sportswise*, Sept. 27). Many Europeans believe that we Americans are isolationists because so few of us are bilingual. Obviously we are not isolationists, but one may ask how we can become a nation of bilingual people when so few of us are monolingual. I hope that Newman's book also explores the wealth of grammatical errors and malapropisms in commercial television in general. Newman speaks good like an elocutionist should.

ROBERT W. WITZ
Mandan, N. Dak.

Sir:

You can blame Edwin Newman and the excerpt from his book *A Civil Tongue* if you get 10 million letters calling attention to ungrammatical statements by sportscasters. The supply of material is inexhaustible. Just the staff from Curt Gowdy is enough for a whole chapter. "Their future appears to be ahead of them," he said of the Baltimore Colts in late November of last year. After a newcomer to the NFL came into a game between Miami and the Denver Broncos in December, Gowdy announced: "He played with the Chicago Fire of the now-extinct World Football League." (Was that the WFL or a step-aussure?) Gowdy makes Jim Simpson and the others sound almost literate.

Regardless of all that, *A Civil Tongue* looks like some kind of book.

JACK HILTON
New Canaan, Conn.

Sir:

Where was the mention of the countless passes thrown "right on the money"? It is enough to make one wince.

ARTHUR P. DARLING, M.D.
Corning, N.Y.

Sir:

Edwin Newman's very good article proves that he has a succinct head on his shoulders. JOHN M. HARRIS
Cochoscon, Ohio

Sir:

Edwin Newman says, "Stadiums are increasingly roofed over." In light of the message of his article, I can only assume that this is opposed to being "roofed under." right?

BRENT LOVERN
Richmond, Va.

Sir:

I was greatly disappointed that Edwin Newman didn't "make mention" of that five-letter word "grease" the grease without which the sportscasting industry would grind to a

screeching ... silence. Whatever happened to such adjectives as "excellent," "tremendous," "healthy," "long," "speedy," or that poor little unassuming adverb "very"?

Between you and I, he might also have referred to the obvious confusion of sportscasters about the correct use of "me" as the object of a preposition.

KEITH DUGAN
Des Plaines, Ill.

Sir:

If Edwin Newman is really among the 1/2 of 1% of the population that speaks perfect English he should have better things to do than write articles making fun of the rest of us. And how many sports fans would like to have missed Dizzy Dean's baseball telecasts when he said, "He'd a been safe if he'd a slud"? I wouldn't have.

JOHN OLSON
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

SWEET REVENGE

Sir:

In his article on the Ohio State-Penn State game (Oct. 10) To Make Three People Happy, Sept. 27) Douglas S. Looney stated that Ohio State was "a certified powerhouse that should flick off Missouri." As I recall, Missouri ended up doing the flicking by a 22-21 score.

KRIS COWAN
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir:

How does your foot taste, Pat Putnam (fettered bar, As Yet Unbowed, Sept. 27)? I found it quite gratifying to watch nationally ranked North Carolina intentionally take a delay-of-game penalty in order to ensure its meager two-point victory over Army, a team "you have to worry for."

MICHAEL SKAGGS
West Point, N.Y.

TACKLING VIOLENCE

Sir:

I must disagree with your SCORECARD item (Sept. 27). Pittsburgh Coach Chuck Noll was right to level his charge against George Atkinson of the Raiders. "Impulsive contact" in pro football is one aspect of the game: mugging is not. It has only become a factor because the sporting press and the game's hierarchy have allowed matters on the field to get out of hand and into crunched fists.

The officials and reporters that allowed, and merely shuffed off, Atkinson's mugging of Lynn Swann are as bad as the "fans" who dismiss fighting as part of the game in pro hockey. Both types of violence should be curbed with heavier fines and suspensions.

Personally, I prefer the finesse of a touchdown pass or a slick skate-and-score to a

cheap shot in the secondary or bedlam in the boards. Why not end it?

BEN SINGER
New York City

• The point of the SCORECARD item was that by emphasizing violence and brutality, pro football invites the sort of mayhem that occurred in the Pittsburgh-Oakland game.—ED

Sir:

It seems to me that a purposeful clothes-line, a punch and a late hit are all distinguishable from a clean tackle. If the Steelers are unnecessarily brutal, that does not entitle the Raiders to be the same, both teams should be penalized. The penalties should include not only fines, but also player suspensions. Any way to reduce unnecessary injuries would be helpful.

MARSHALL PRACT, M.D.
Baltimore

Sir:

You mention Howard Cosell and his "bleating with ill-concealed excitement" when a quarterback is blasted, or when a defensive back all but destroys a wide receiver. At least that's where the ball is. Lynn Swann was never near the ball, he even had his head turned upfield. I saw the play and several replays. It was just a case of brutality to a talented halfback.

TOM ADAMS
Honolulu

RUN-PRODUCING SECOND BASEMEN

Sir:

As fine a halfback as Joe Morgan is, he is not "the fourth [second basemen] ever to get 100 RBIs in one year" (*BASEBALL'S WEEK*, Sept. 20). You have overlooked some titans of the game who have accomplished the feat. Tony Lazzeri did it seven times, and so did Charlie Gehringer. Bobby Doerr did it six times. Rogers Hornsby five, Joe Gordon four and Jackie Robinson, Buddy Myer, Del Pratt and Johnny Hodapp once each. The aforementioned all had at least one year of 100 RBIs while playing exclusively at second base. Such stalwart keystones as Frankie Frisch, Marty McManus, Billy Herman and Odell Hale made the century mark while playing a few games at other positions. So Morgan ranks at best as the 10th second baseman ever to drive in 100 runs in a season or, possibly more realistically, as the 14th ever.

MICHAEL MARINATHAL
Chicago

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Dacron

Golden Comfort™ shirts. 112

For the ultimate in comfort, these Golden Comfort shirts are made of 100% cotton, 100% polyester, and 100% Dacron. To complement the shirt, choose coordinated neckwear at \$10.00. Available during October in large men's stores.

Sears

The Men's Store

Sears, Roebuck and Co.

One of a kind.

He challenges the last uncharted world.

A frontier where discovery is the greatest reward of all.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



Turkish and Domestic Blend

16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR '76.

Warning - The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.